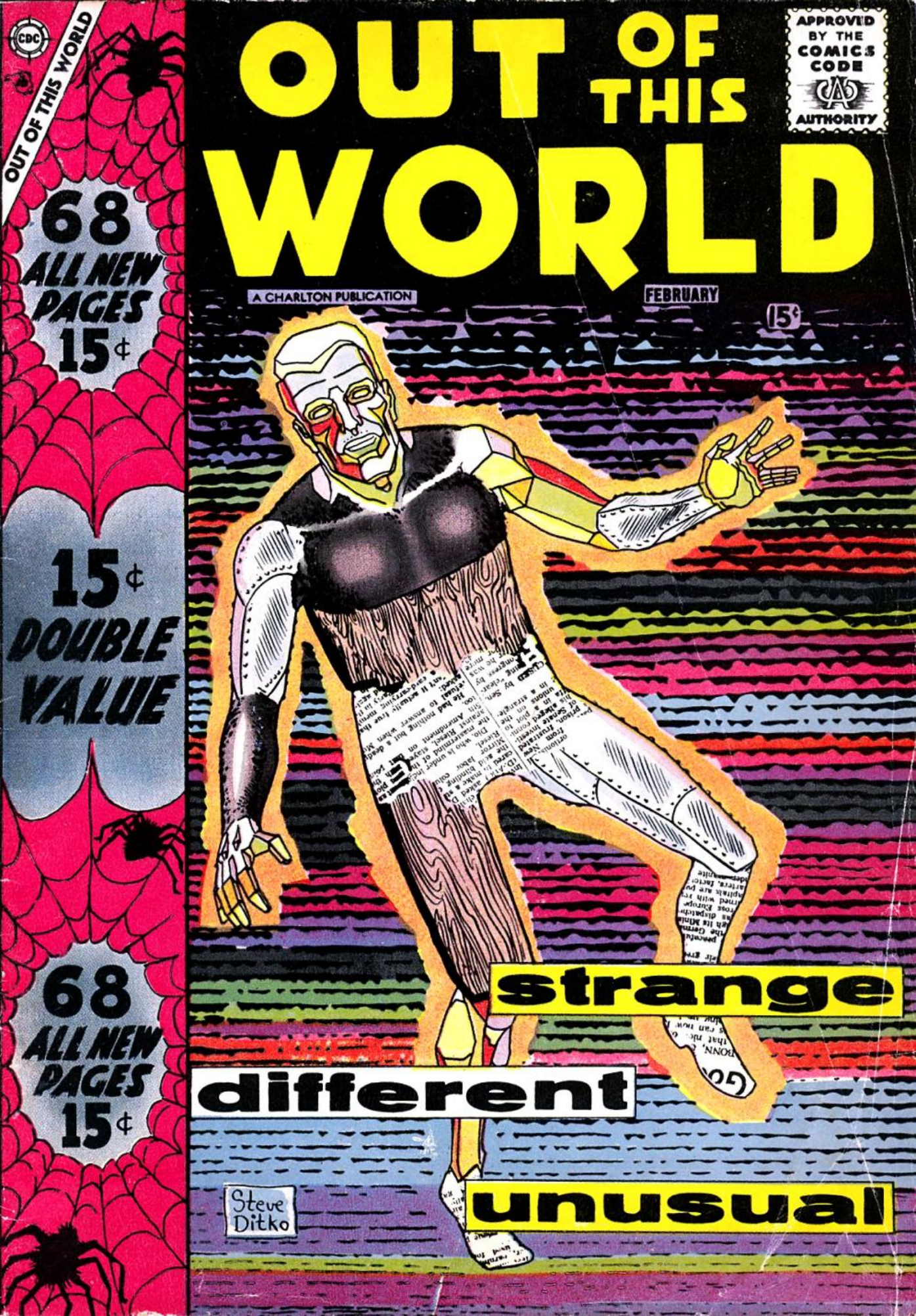
OUT OF THIS WORLD
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FEBRUARY
15¢
strange
different
unusual
Steve Ditko

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Hi there, Pal! Win Some of these **100** Silver Anniversary Prizes!

I just won **$100.** and this 15" tall Silver Trophy
I just won this **$1,000,000** Body and a Gold Medal **!**

You Can **Win** All These just as I did in **10** MINUTES OF FUN A DAY!

I GAINED 60 LBS. OF HANDSOME HARD-HITTING MUSCLES!

John Sill NOW

THIS MAY BE YOUR LAST CHANCE TO GET FOR ALL 5 PICTURE PACKED COURSES **10¢** MILLIONS HAVE BEEN SOLD FOR $1 AND MORE

Which of these **2 ME'S is YOU ?** that 125 lb.—6 ft. CHICKEN CHESTED **WEAKLING** BELOW WAS ME *A FEW SHORT WEEKS AGO*

Yes! You still can win $100 and other 25th Anniversary Prizes, if you MAIL coupon below NOW. Your success can soon be like mine. A few weeks ago I was a skinny weakling like you. I had no guts to fight for my rights. TODAY everyone admires my champ movie-star build. My **mighty** ARMS. My **heroic** CHEST. My wide manly SHOULDERS. My POPULARITY with boys. The way GIRLS go for me—once so girl-shy. My new prowess in SPORTS. My new quickness in STUDIES. My double-energy at work.

NO! friend you don't have to be **SKINNY** any more. Just mail **NOW** the **FREE** coupon below as I did. Soon **YOU** can add **7** inches to your **CHEST** **3½** inches to EACH **ARM** and the rest in proportion as I did.

How to Build MIGHTY ARMS
How to Build A MIGHTY CHEST
How to Build MIGHTY LEGS
How to Build A MIGHTY BACK
How to Build A MIGHTY GRIP

FREE PHOTO BOOK HOW to Achieve Nerves of Steel, Muscles of Iron

How to BECOME A MIGHTY HE-MAN

There's that skinny scarecrow JOHN. Let's pass him by!

John Sill before

JOHN SILL was a 125 lb. 6 ft. WEAKLING LOOK at him NOW. A MOVIE-STAR HE-MAN from Head to Toe as **YOU** can be soon!

Come On, PAL NOW YOU give me **10** PLEASANT MINUTES A DAY IN YOUR OWN HOME and I'll give **YOU** **A NEW HE-MAN BODY for your OLD SKELETON FRAME** says *George F. Jowett* World's Greatest Builder of HE-MEN

GEORGE F. JOWETT "Champion of Champions" 4 times Winner Perfect Man Contest

NO! I don't care how skinny or flabby you are; if you're a teen-ager, in your 20's or 30's or over; if you're short or tall, or what work you do. All I want is JUST 10 EXCITING MINUTES in your home to MAKE YOU OVER by the SAME METHOD I turned myself from a wreck to a Champion of Champions

BOTH *FREE* FOR QUICK ACTION!
1. Photo Book of STRONG MEN
2. MUSCLE METER

Dept. CH-79
Tell Me How To WIN $100, etc.

"Jowett Courses greatest in World for Building All-Around HE-MEN" —R. F. Kelley Physical Director

JOWETT INSTITUTE OF PHYSICAL TRAINING
220 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 1, N. Y.

Dear George Please mail to me FREE Jowett's Photo Book of Strong Men and a Muscle Meter, plus all 5 HE-MAN Building Courses: 1 How to Build a Mighty Chest 2 How to Build a Mighty Arm 3 How to Build a Mighty Grip 4 How to Build a Mighty Back 5 How to Build Mighty Legs—Now all in One Volume "How to become a Mighty HE-MAN." ENCLOSED FIND 10c FOR POSTAGE AND HANDLING (no C O D 's)

NAME _____ AGE _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ ZONE ____ STATE _____

YES! You'll see INCH upon INCH of MIGHTY MUSCLE added to YOUR ARMS Your CHEST deepened. Your BACK AND SHOULDERS broadened. From head to heels, you'll become an ALL-Around, ALL-American HE-MAN WINNER—or my Training won't cost you one solitary cent

Develop YOUR 520 MUSCLES
Gain Pounds, INCHES, FAST!

After a LIFETIME STUDY of every way known to develop your body I have devised the BEST by TEST, my "5-WAY PROGRESSIVE POWER" the only method that builds you 5-ways fast You save YEARS, DOLLARS like movie star Tom Tyler did. Like champ John Sill did. Like MANY THOUSANDS like you did. SO Mail coupon NOW!

Mail Coupon in Time for FREE offer and PRIZES!

OUT OF THIS WORLD Volume 1, Number 7 FEBRUARY, 1958
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(Printed in U.S.A.)

OUT OF THIS WORLD

APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY

THIS SEAL OF APPROVAL APPEARS ONLY ON COMIC MAGAZINES WHICH HAVE BEEN CAREFULLY REVIEWED PRIOR TO PUBLICATION. BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY, AND FOUND TO HAVE MET THE HIGH STANDARDS OF MORALITY AND GOOD TASTE REQUIRED BY THE CODE. THE CODE AUTHORITY OPERATES APART FROM ANY INDIVIDUAL PUBLISHER AND EXERCISES INDEPENDENT JUDGMENT WITH RESPECT TO CODE-COMPLIANCE. A COMIC MAGAZINE BEARING ITS SEAL IS YOUR ASSURANCE OF GOOD READING AND PICTORIAL MATTER.

Pat Masulli Executive Editor

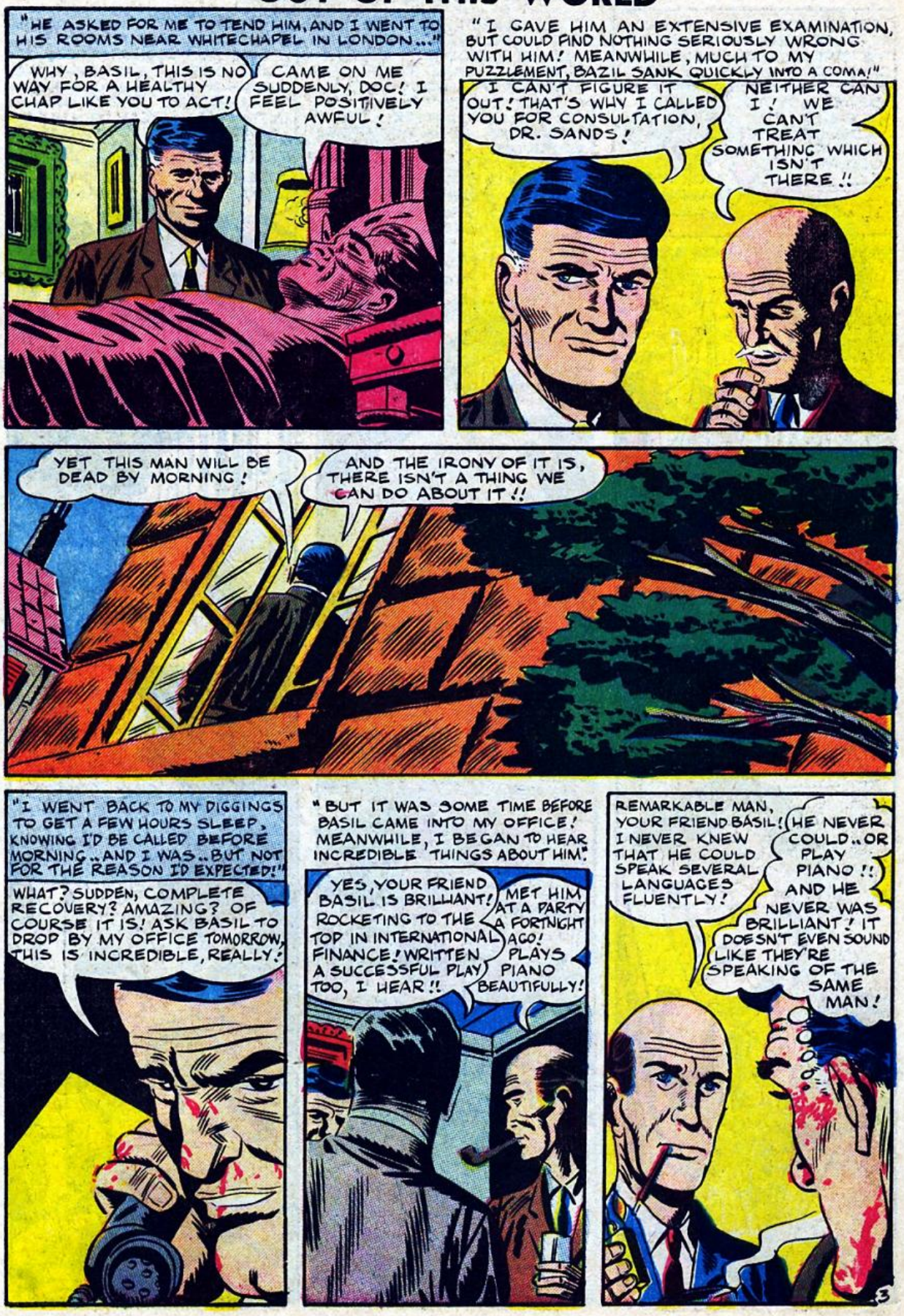
THE HOUSE OF MAN

OUT OF THIS WORLD

THE DINNER WAS GOOD! CORLEY'S HOST WAS A LIKEABLE .... AN EXTREMELY INTELLIGENT MAN AND CORLEY WONDERED MORE AND MORE WHY A MAN LIKE HIM SHOULD FORSAKE CIVILIZATION.

THEY SAT IN THE VELVET TROPICAL DARKNESS, AND THE AIR BEGAN TO THROB WITH THE SOUND OF TOM-TOMS, LIKE THE DISTANT BOOMING OF EVIL LAUGHTER!

OUT OF THIS WORLD



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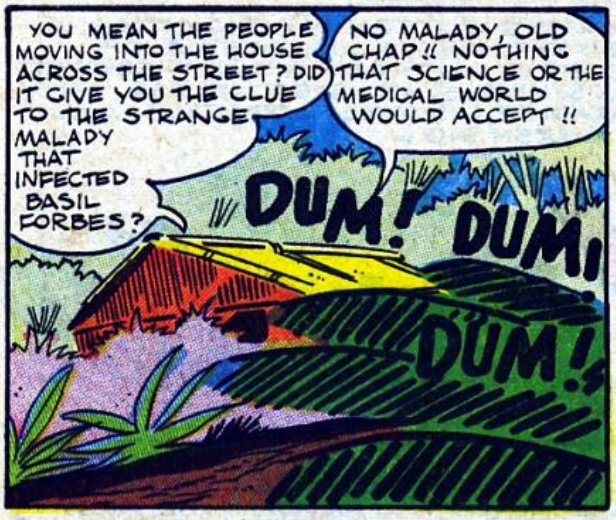
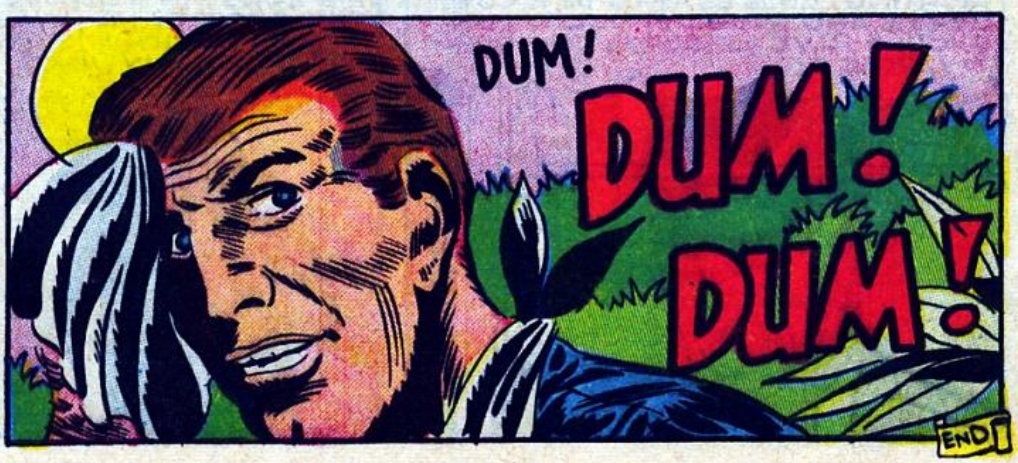


THERE WAS A SILENCE! BOTH MEN SUNK IN THOUGHT! SILENCE TORN AND SHATTERED BY THE INCESSANT BUZZ OF INSECTS ... A COUGHING JUNGLE ROAR.. AND THE BEATING OF THE TOM-TOMS..

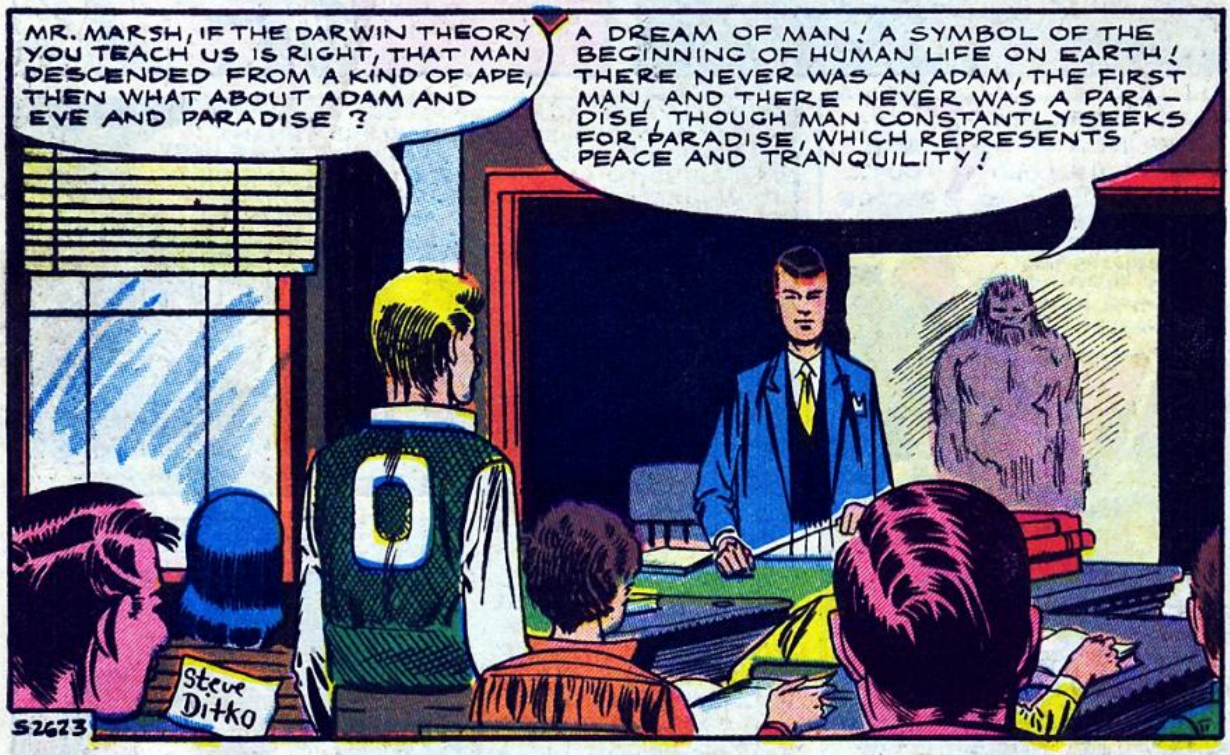
JOHN CORLEY SAT LISTENING TO THAT SWELLING BEAT AND THINKING.... AND SUDDENLY A CHILL RAN UP HIS SPINE ... A CHILL THAT WOULD NEVER LEAVE HIM.



OUT OF THIS WORLD

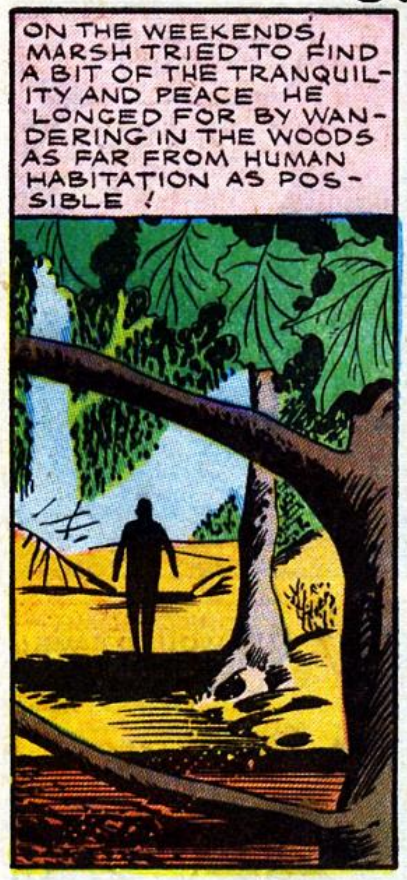
ADAM MARSH TAUGHT ANCIENT HISTORY AND EVOLUTION IN A BIG CITY SCHOOL! HE HATED THE CITY, HE HATED THE HUSTLE AND BUSTLE OF EVERYDAY LIFE! AND THOUGH HE BELIEVED FIRMLY IN THE DARWINIAN THEORY OF EVOLUTION AND SCORNED THE BIBLICAL SYMBOLS, HE NEVERTHELESS WISHED THAT HE COULD FIND HIS OWN PARADISE, HIS SYMBOL OF PEACE ... AND IN A STRANGE AND UNEARTHLY WAY, MR. MARSH DID ...

JOURNEY TO Paradise



MARSH DISMISSED HIS CLASS AND STOOD AT THE WINDOW LOOKING DOWN AT THE FLOWING LIFE-TIDE OF THE BIG CITY!

OUT OF THIS WORLD



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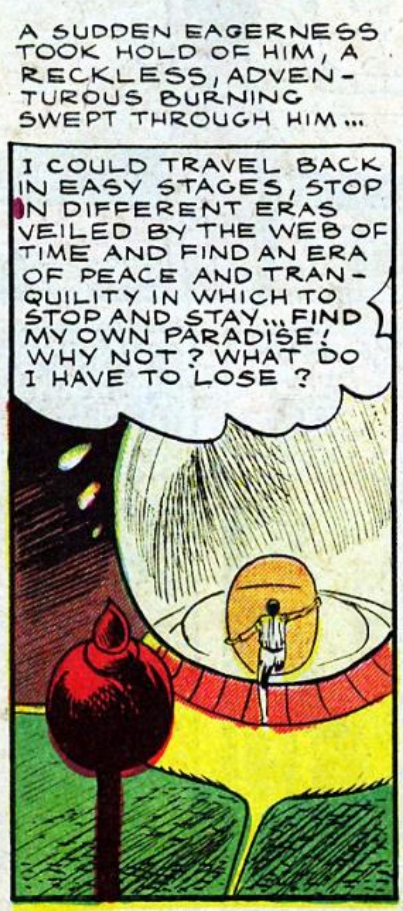
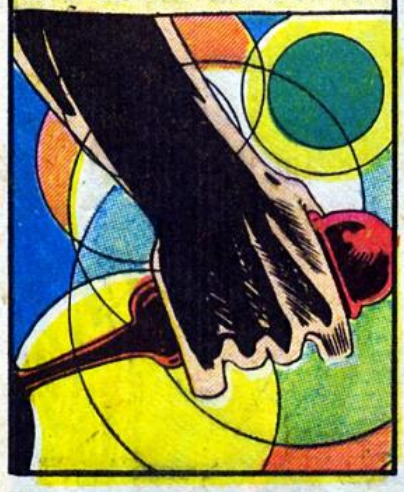


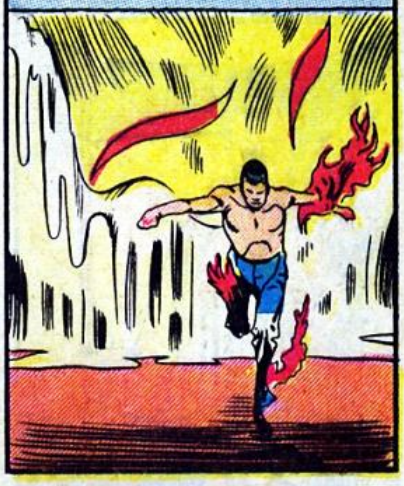
OUT OF THIS WORLD

A ROARING FILLED HIS BEING! HIS SOUL SEEMED DRAGGED FROM HIS BODY! HE SAGGED FORWARD AS BLACKNESS DROVE AWAY CONSCIOUSNESS ... AND HIS SLACK BODY PUSHED THE LEVER ALL THE WAY DOWN ...

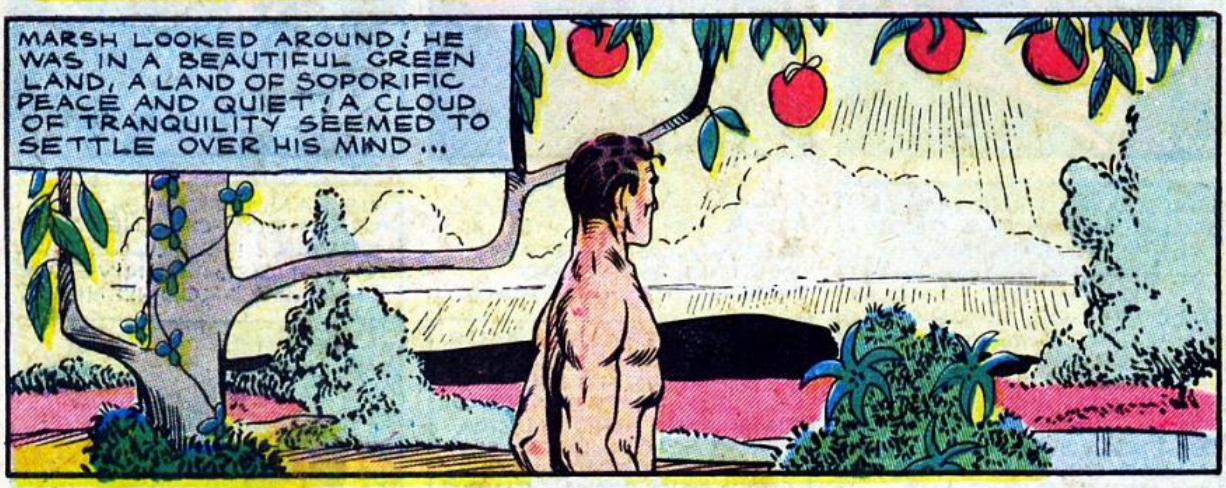


HE CAME TO WITH THE SMELL OF SMOKE AND BURNING IN HIS NOSTRILS! HEAT DANCED AROUND HIM, PLUCKING AT HIS SKIN WITH FIERY FINGERS ...

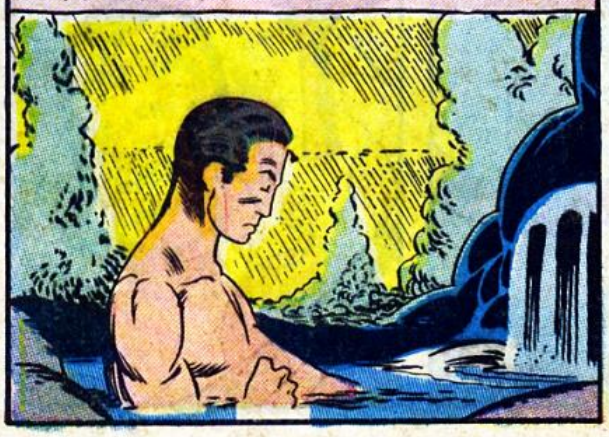
HE STRUGGLED OUT OF THE MACHINE! IT WAS BLISTERING TO THE TOUCH! HE PULLED OFF HIS FLAMING CLOTHES AND BEHIND HIM THE MACHINE COLLAPSED INTO MOLTEN METAL THAT RAN INTO THE GROUND ...



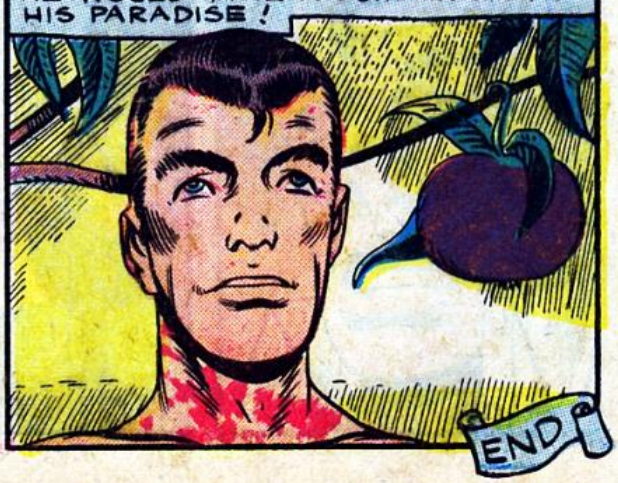
MARSH LOOKED AROUND! HE WAS IN A BEAUTIFUL GREEN LAND, A LAND OF SOPORIFIC PEACE AND QUIET! A CLOUD OF TRANQUILITY SEEMED TO SETTLE OVER HIS MIND ...



ADAM MARSH BATHED IN THE BROOK! THE WATERS WASHED AWAY ALL MEMORY OF THE PAST! BUT HE SENSED AN ALONENESS, A FEELING THAT THIS WORLD WAS DEVOID OF INTELLIGENT LIFE! HE FROWNED, SCRATCHING AT AN ACHING RIB ...



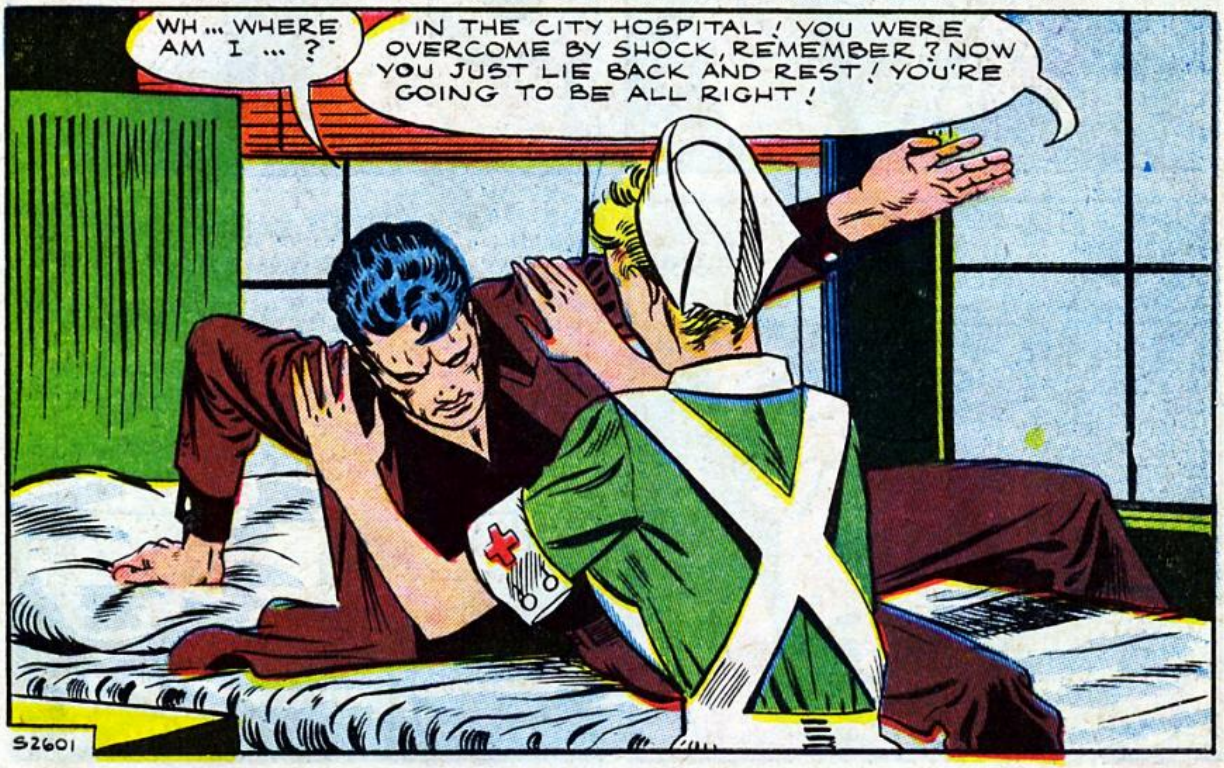
ADAM CLIMBED OUT OF THE WATER! HE SMILED, FOR SUDDENLY, WITH CHILDLIKE KNOWLEDGE, HE KNEW VAGUELY WHAT THE ACHING RIB MEANT ... ADAM KNEW THAT SOON HE WOULD HAVE A COMPANION IN HIS PARADISE!



OUT OF THIS WORLD

THE MOST TERRIBLE FATE

WHAT WILL THE WORLD OF THE FUTURE BE LIKE THAT MAN WILL BUILD WITH THE TOOLS OF THE PRESENT? WHAT WILL MAN FEEL FOR THAT FUTURE? PRIDE IN ACCOMPLISHMENT? HAPPINESS IN THE RESULT? LET US TEAR APART THE CURTAIN OF TIME AND PEER INTO THAT FUTURE AND SEE WHAT MAN HAS BUILT IN THAT FAR TIME TO COME! FOR THIS STORY IS OF THE FUTURE, OF EARTH AS IT WILL BE A THOUSAND YEARS FROM NOW!



HE LAY THERE STARING UP AT THE CEILING BUT NOT SEEING IT... SEEING ONLY THE BITTERNESS IN HIS HEART!

Steve Ditko

OUT OF THIS WORLD

AS BACKGROUND TO HIS MISERY HE HEARD THE QUIET SOUNDS OF THE HOSPITAL, AS THOUGH ALL AROUND HIM WERE HUSHED, SHARING HIS HORROR!

WHAT WAS IT THE DOCTOR SAID...?

SHOCK! SUCH A DELICATE SYSTEM! NOT LIKE THE REST OF US...

NO, NOT LIKE ANYONE...ANYONE ELSE IN THE WHOLE WORLD! I AM THE ONLY ONE OF MY KIND! A FREAK, A MONSTER!

SHAME FLOODED THROUGH HIM, SHAME FOR WHAT HE WAS! HE TURNED HIS FACE INTO THE PILLOW AS THOUGH HIDING FROM THE WORLD!

HOW SHAMED MOTHER AND DAD MUST BE! AND THEY KNEW IT ALL ALONG, BUT THEY NEVER TOLD ME! THEY DIDN'T WANT TO HURT ME...

HIS MIND GROPED BACK TO THAT PAINFUL TIME JUST A FEW HOURS AGO WHEN IT BEGAN! HE DIDN'T WANT TO THINK ABOUT IT BUT COULDN'T HELP IT... LIKE THE MAN WHO KNOWS THERE'S A DEAD CAT IN THE STREET AND DOESN'T WANT TO LOOK BUT CAN'T HELP HIMSELF!

CORA, DARLING, WHAT'S BOTHERING YOU? EVER SINCE I MET YOU TONIGHT YOU'VE ACTED STRANGELY!

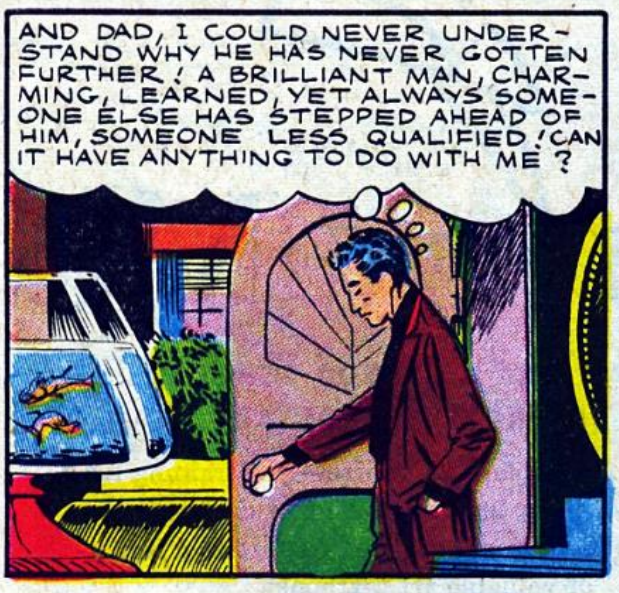
GET WHATEVER IS WORRYING YOU OFF YOUR MIND, PLEASE! BECAUSE I WANT TO PROPOSE TO YOU AND DON'T WANT ANYTHING ELSE TO INTERFERE! CORA, DARLING, WILL YOU MARRY ME?

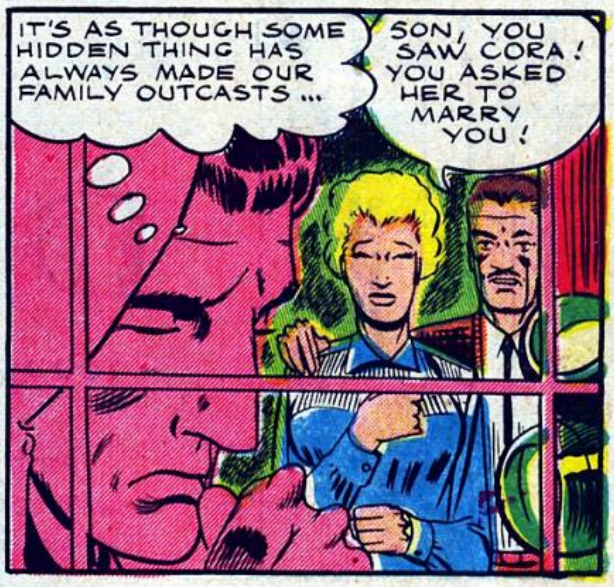
HE SAW THE SUDDEN SHOCK IN HER EYES...THEN THE PITY AND THE TEARS!

CORA, FOR GOODNESS SAKES, WHAT'S THE MATTER? WHAT'S HAPPENED?

D...DON'T ASK ME! ROBERT, I CAN'T MARRY YOU! DON'T ASK ME WHY!

OUT OF THIS WORLD





Draw Me

YOU MAY WIN A $375.00 SCHOLARSHIP IN PROFESSIONAL ART

PRIZE: A complete art course—free training for a career in advertising art, illustrating or cartooning —plus a professional drawing outfit and a series of valuable art textbooks.

THERE'S A BIG DEMAND FOR TRAINED ARTISTS. Try for this free art course! You're coached, individually, by artists on the staff of world's largest home study art school. Many of its graduates are now well-paid artists. Enter contest today!

DRAW THIS GIRL'S HEAD

5 inches high. Use pencil. Drawings for November 1957 contest must be received by November 30. None returned. Winner notified. Amateurs only. Our students not eligible. Mail your drawing today!

USE 1 COUPON
THEN PASS THIS PAGE
ON TO A FRIEND

1 ART INSTRUCTION, INC., STUDIO 9607
500 South 4th Street, Minneapolis 15, Minnesota

Please enter my attached drawing in your contest.
(PLEASE PRINT)

Name_____ AGE____

Address_____ City_____

Zone____ County_____ State_____

Occupation_____ Phone_____

2 ART INSTRUCTION, INC., STUDIO 9607
500 South 4th Street, Minneapolis 15, Minnesota

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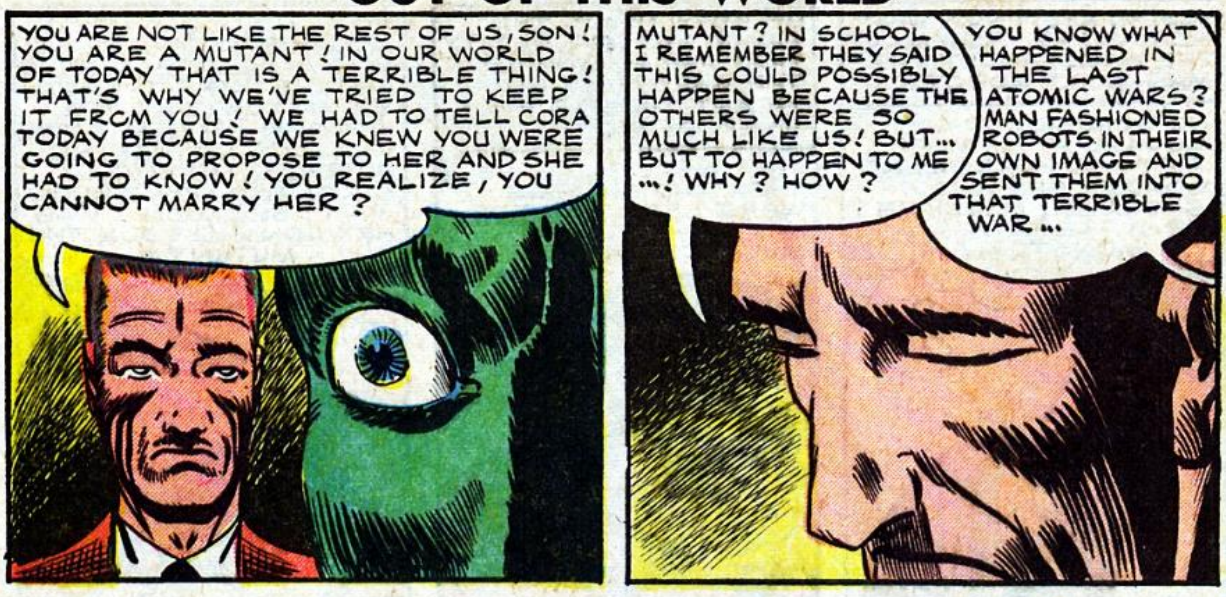


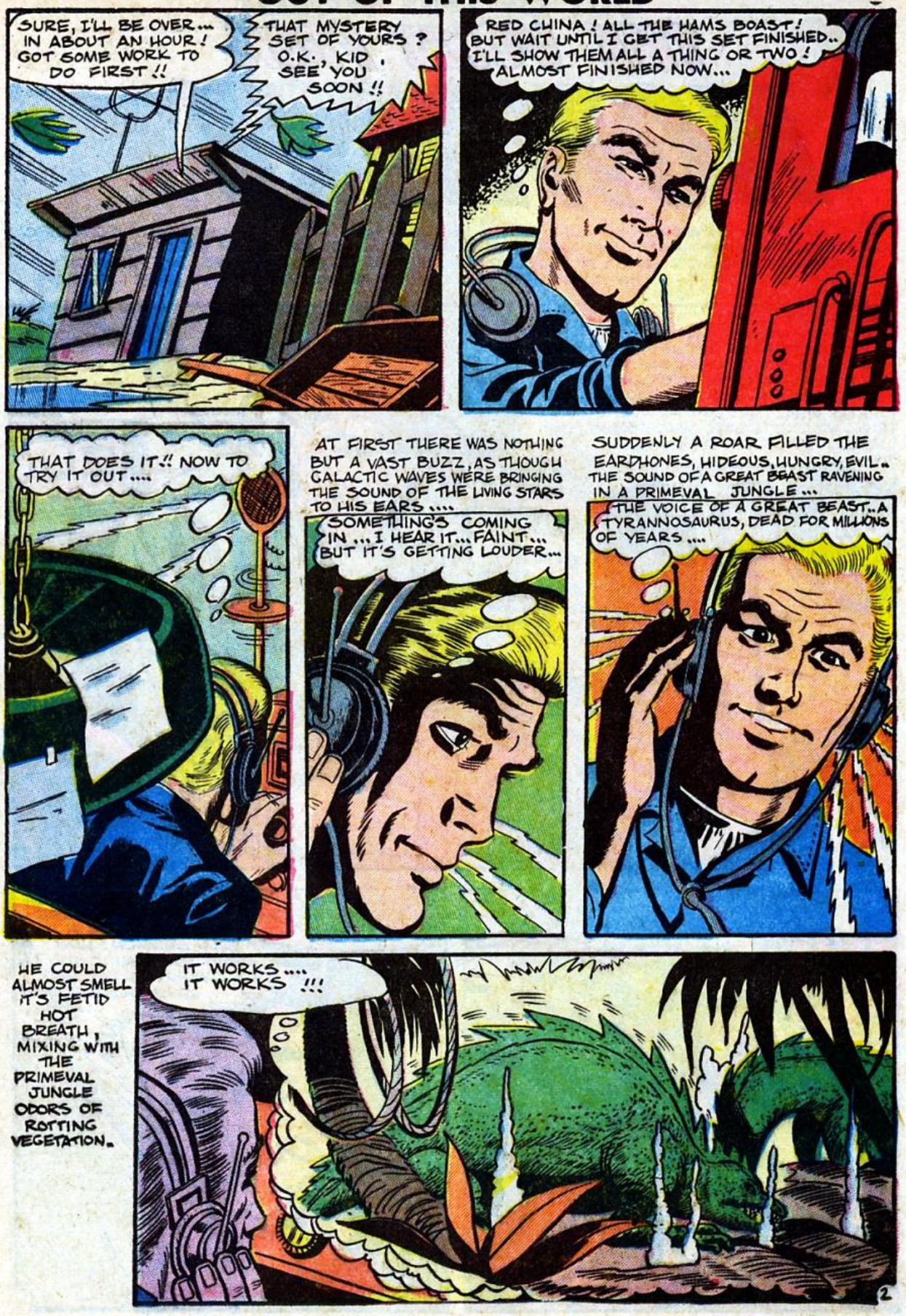
OUT OF THIS WORLD

OUT OF THIS WORLD

THE VOICE FROM NOWHERE

PHIL BELL WAS BY WAY OF BEING A GENIUS! A RADIO HAM, HE HAD IMAGINATION, A SCIENTIFIC CURIOSITY AND A GENIUS FOR RADIO AND SOUND WAVES! HE WANTED TO PICK UP VOICES THAT NO MODERN MAN HAD EVER HEARD. TO LISTEN TO SOUNDS FROM THE BIRTH OF TIME.. BUT PHIL DIDN'T REALIZE THAT HE WHO LISTENS, SOMETIMES HEARS THINGS HE DOESN'T WANT TO HEAR ... PERHAPS EVEN ... THE VOICE OF DOOM!!

OUT OF THIS WORLD



MYSTERY! MAGIC! SCIENCE! FUN!

Amuse and Amaze Your Friends

BIKE SPEEDOMETER
READS UP TO 50 M.P.H.

See how fast your riding! Time yourself in racing and see if you can better your top speed. No gears, no complicated mechanism. Fasten to handle bars and go. Easy to install.

No. 199 ..... Only 75¢

Boomerang

Here's something new in target throwing. In case you miss, it comes right back to you, and bingo! you're all set to "fire" again. More fun than a "barrel of monkeys".

No. 141 ..... 50¢

CONDENSED SMOKE POWDER

Simply set off the magic powder, and poof! disappear in a cloud of smoke. Terrific for all magical effects and disappearing acts. Completely harmless. Enough powder for hundreds of uses.

072 ..... $1.00

THROW YOUR VOICE

Ventro & Book

Your chance to be a ventriloquist. Throw your voice into trunks, behind doors, and everywhere. Instrument fits in your mouth and out of sight. You'll fool the teacher, your friends, and your family and have fun doing it. Free book on "How to Become a Ventriloquist"

No. 137 ..... 25¢

Your chance to have eyes in back of your head. See behind or alongside and no one knows you are watching. Fun everywhere you go

No. 146 ..... 35¢

LOOK-BACK SCOPE

WHOOPEE CUSHION

Place it on a chair under a cushion, then watch the fun when someone sits down! It gives forth embarrassing noises. Made of rubber, and inflatable. A scream at parties and gatherings.

No. 247 ..... 50¢

TRICK BASEBALL

It bounces cockeyed, it curves, it dips, it's impossible to catch. It's sure to set all the kids on the block spinning after it. There's a barrel of fun in every bounce of this amazing baseball.

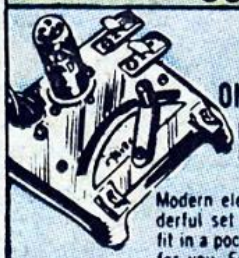
No. 158 50¢

TALKING TEETH

They move! They talk! They're weird! Guaranteed to shut the blabbermouths up for good. It'll really embarrass them. It's a set of big false teeth that when wound up, start to chatter away, like crazy. A great comic effect for false teeth on cold nights.

No. 513 ..... 1.25

MANY EXCLUSIVE ITEMS AVAILABLE

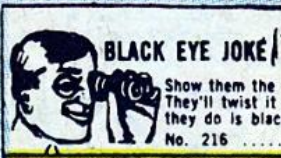


POWERFUL COMPACT ONE TUBE RADIO

Pocket Size . . . Brings in stations up to 1000 miles away

Modern electronics makes this wonderful set possible. So small it will fit in a pocket. Everything is supplied for you. Easy to assemble in a few minutes with just a screw driver. No soldering required. Really powerful too. Announcements of stations up to 1000 miles away come in so loud and clear you'd think they were right near home. Learn many useful and important things about radio.

No. 205 ..... 3.98



BLACK EYE JOKE

Show them the "naughty" pictures inside. They'll twist it and turn it to see, but all they do is blacken their eyes.

No. 216 ..... 25¢

SURPRISE PACKAGE

Are you willing to take a chance? We won't tell you what you get, but because you're willing to gamble, we'll give you more than your money's worth.

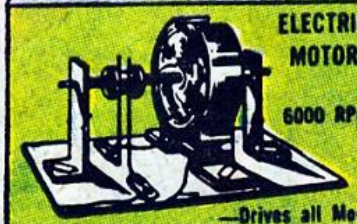
Only 50¢

No. 678 .....

HOT CANDY

Looks like regular candy, but it sure doesn't taste like it. Burns their mouth when they eat it. Like pepper. Pkg. of 3.

No. 022 ... Only 12¢



ELECTRIC MOTOR

6000 RPM

—Drives all Models

This is an offer that sounds unbelievable but it is being made just the same. Yes, you can have an actual electric motor for just 50¢. This compact little kit makes it a cinch to build this high-power motor. And the fun you are going to get from using it. It's so simple, and your motor is ready to turn out 6000 rpm's of power to work for you. The coils of this remarkable tool actually turn at the rate of 1500 feet per minute.

No. 052 ..... Only 50¢

JOY BUZZER

The most popular joke novelty in years! Wind up and wear it like a ring. When you shake hands, it almost raises the victim off his feet with a "shocking sensation". Absolutely harmless.

No. 239 ..... Only 50¢

10 DAY TRIAL FREE

HONOR HOUSE PRODUCTS CORP., Lynbrook, N. Y. Dept. GK-48

Cannot ship orders totalling less than $1.00

Rush me the items listed below. If I am not satisfied I may return any part of my purchase after 10 days free trial for full refund of the purchase price.

ITEM #	NAME OF ITEM	HOW MANY	TOTAL PRICE

☐ I enclose _____ in full payment. The Honor House Products Corp. will pay postage.

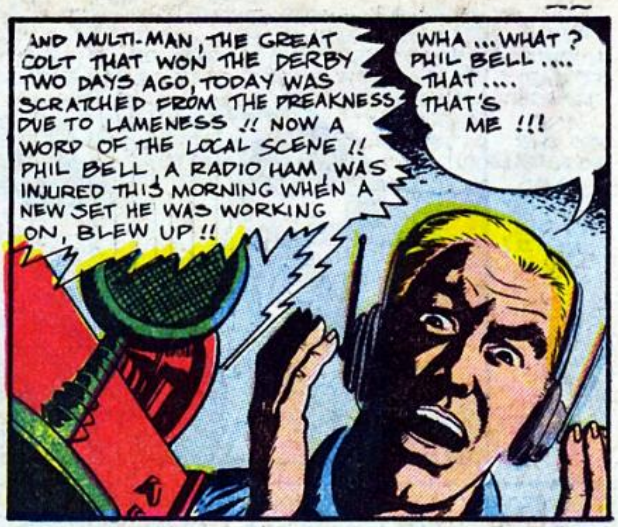
☐ Send C.O.D. I will pay postman on delivery plus a few cents postage

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

OUT OF THIS WORLD

OUT OF THIS WORLD

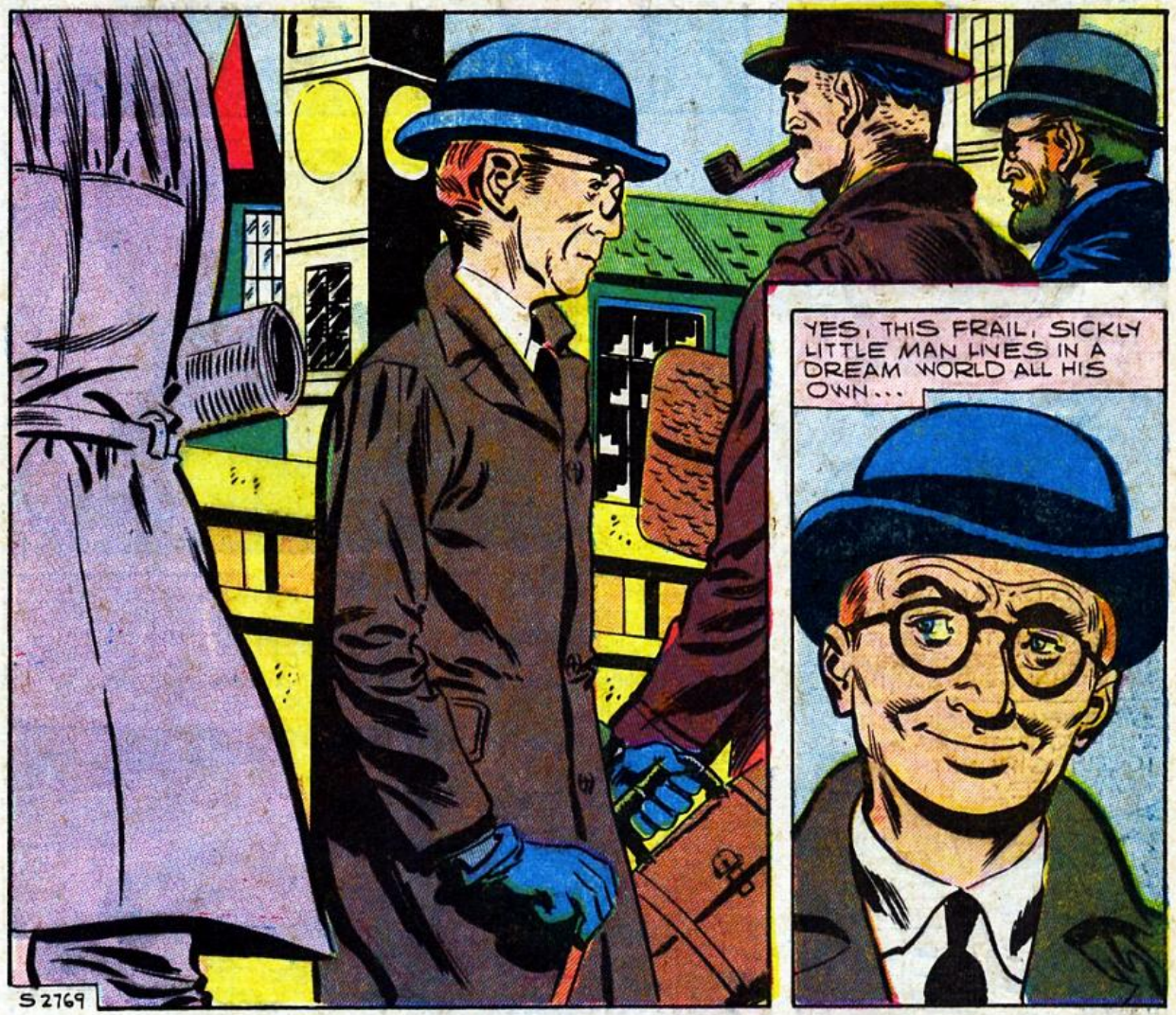


HE GAZED STUPIDLY AT THIS MONSTER HE HAD MADE THAT WOULD DESTROY HIM! AND SUDDENLY, MANIACAL RAGE SWEPT THROUGH HIM LIKE A TORNADO, SNATCHING AWAY ALL REASON, LEAVING ONLY UNTHINKING FEAR AND RAGE !!

OUT OF THIS WORLD

MARTY'S WORLD

THIS IS MARTY! HIS LAST NAME DOESN'T MATTER JUST AS MARTY HIMSELF DOESN'T REALLY MATTER! MARTY'S A CLERK IN A LONDON COUNTING HOUSE! HE'S A SMALL, TIMID MAN... THAT IS, ON THE OUTSIDE! BUT IN HIS SOUL, IN HIS MIND, MARTY LIKES TO THINK OF HIMSELF AS A DARING, SWASHBUCKLING ADVENTURER! BUT THE WORLD OF MARTY'S DREAM, CAN ONLY BE IN HIS MIND... OR CAN IT?



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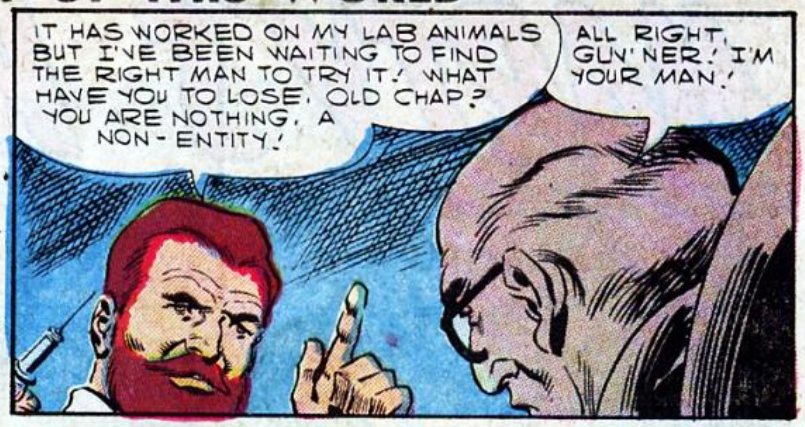

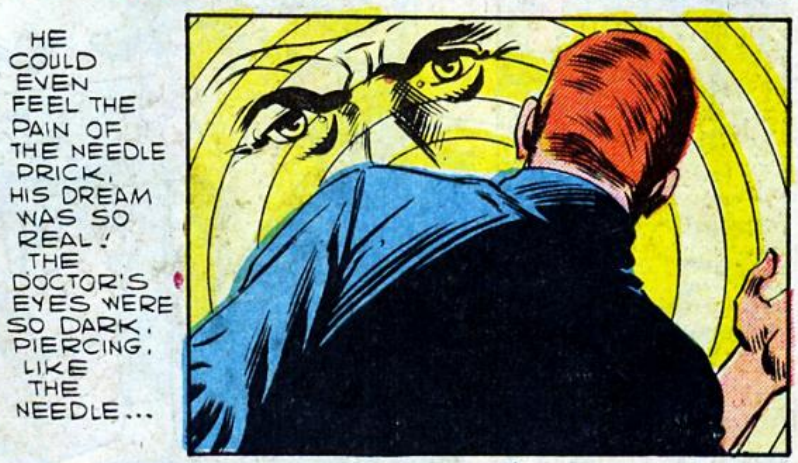

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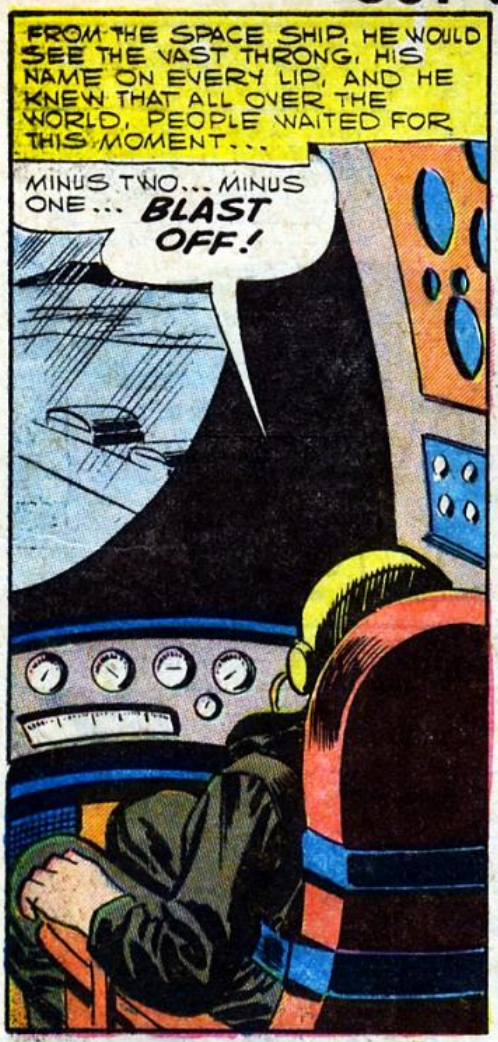

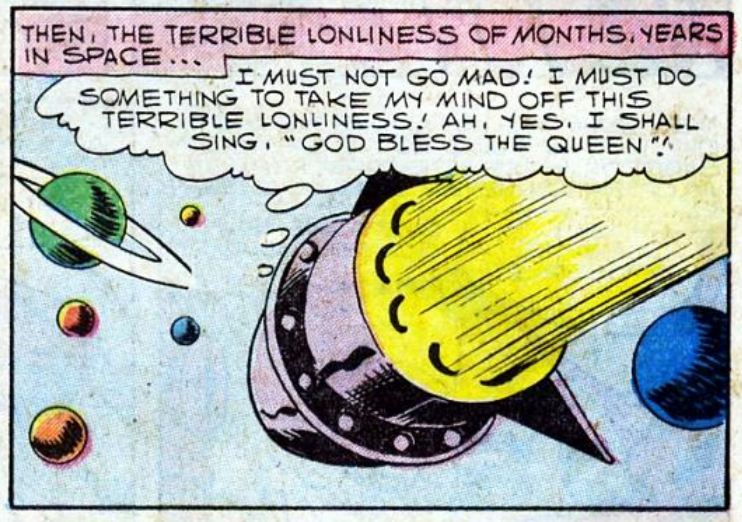

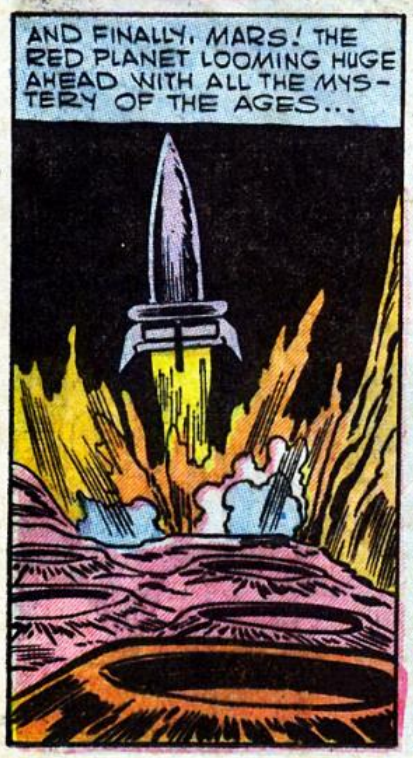

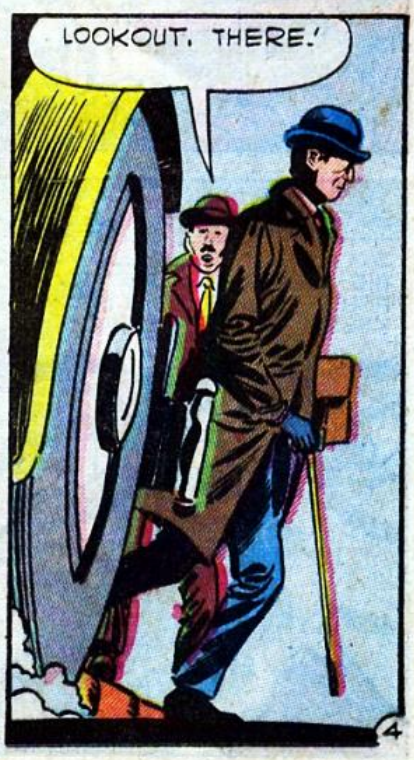

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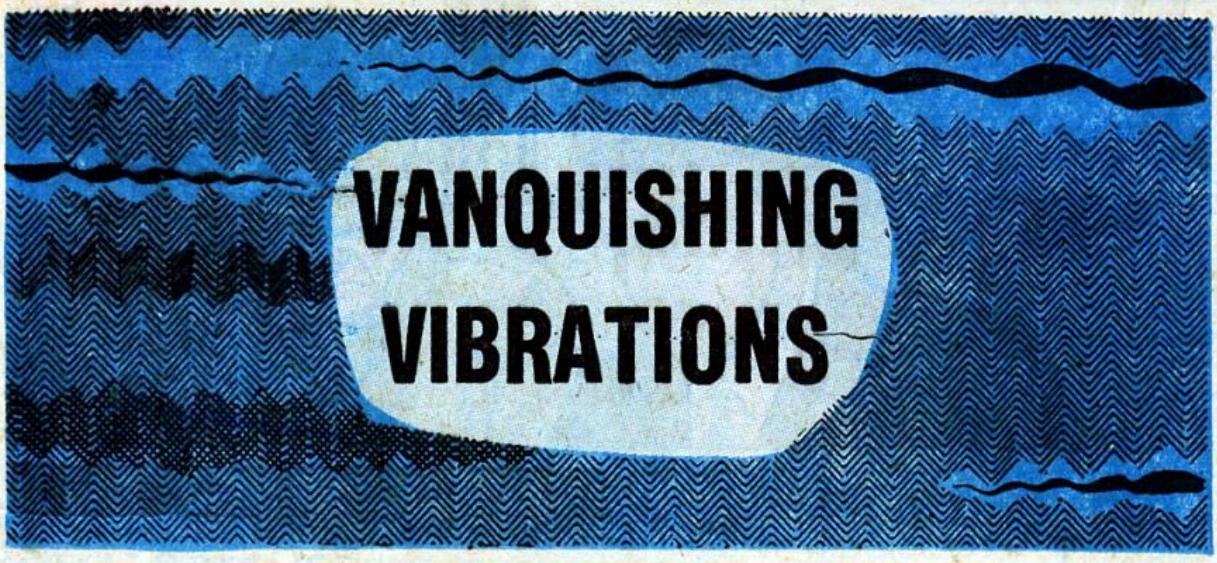


"Something definitely seems to be wrong at the plant," remarked Howard Sandman, president of Pearless Products. "Forgive me if I sound childish but there is an air of oppression and tension among the workmen and executives. It would best be expressed by saying that at any moment we all expect something terrible and weird to happen."

"Production at your plant must continue at all cost," insisted Colonel Thomas King. "You make the parts we need for our guided missiles and other automatic devices. If an enemy wanted to hurt and cripple us effectively, it could do no better job than to strike at your plant. Our Security Service will give you one hundred per cent effective cooperation. Common sense tells me the best thing I can do is to visit the plant with you. I shall be dressed in civilian clothes."

A week later, Colonel Thomas King started walking through the main section of the plant with Mr. Sandman. The two stopped in front of a drilling press. Each working man had a badge with his name and security number. There were beads of perspiration on the forehead of David Ebeling. He stopped the press and wiped away the perspiration.

"Anything wrong?" asked Mr. Sandman.

"As though I were ready to fall apart. Something like an internal bit of vibrations. Maybe I am shivering. Look at me!"

The workman lifted a finished dial case and his fingers were trembling. Suddenly his lips turned blue.

"Better report to the infirmary at once," suggested Mr. Sandman. "I'll have the foreman send in a relief man to take over the machine."

The two continued to walk down the aisle. A young boy was carrying a tray of dials. The two men watched the tray sway in the hands of the boy. It slipped from his fingers and the dials spilled all over the floor.

"I'm sorry," apologized the boy. "I just couldn't help it. As though the tray wanted to get out of my hands."

A workingman helped the boy recover the dials. Colonel Thomas King was really worried.

"As a normal human being, if I saw a series of these events take place, I too would be upset. You can get a chain reaction like this with only a few people to start it."

"Then you think that there may be somebody behind all this?" asked the president of Pearless Products.

"Couldn't make any definite statement now," specified the army officer. "But between the two of us, I feel something peculiar in the atmosphere. Let me talk to the physician in charge of your infirmary.

Dr. Hiram Bronin was a man in his early thirties. He faced the two men opposite him. He wet his lips before speaking.

"Naturally when I speak, there is nothing confidential to be concealed. Believe me, I myself am puzzled. There are definite symptoms of nervous exhaustion among the men. They are all under some kind of a tension. They express it differently but it all amounts to the same general idea. The men feel some kind of an internal vibration, an internal sway, a movement that is beyond their control. Just to check up on the accuracy of their stories I went over to one of the polishing machines. There was a peculiar feeling which I myself cannot account for, but it definitely does exist."

No sooner had Dr. Hiram Bronin finished that last sentence when there was a terrible shout outside.

"Look out! The beam is falling!"

The three men rushed out from the infirmary. Just in time to see overhead in the center of

the plant a large steel beam starting to move. It formed part of the overhead truss that supported the roof. The swaying increased as though the tempo was getting faster and faster. It crashed down onto the floor. Several machines were smashed, but fortunately not a workingman had been hurt.

"I'll get the experts here at once," said Colonel Thomas King. "Close up for a day or two."

The next day, the group of experts under the direction of Dr. John Reid started to do some checking. First they went over the fallen beam. Also the part of the truss to which it had been connected.

"Looks definitely like a case of metal fatigue," said Dr. Reid. "We know that when we send a test plane into the sky and approach a speed of more than eight hundred miles per hour, strange things can happen to the metal body of the plane. In plain language it gets "tired and fatigued." The entire plane can thus fall apart. Actually it is the molecular structure that is affected. The vibrations of the jet engine are transferred to the metal. If we can deaden the vibrations, then nothing will happen. There is definitely one way to account for this case of metal fatigue. There are vibrations. Very sensitive ones and hence they would have to be detected with a special instrument. Mr. Atkinson is now setting up the device."

A box that looked like a radio was set upon a small table. On top of the box was a moveable wire frame.

"Something similar to the apparatus we use to detect illegal radio broadcasting," said Mr. Atkinson. "The dial is now moving."

The wire frame was rotated in all directions and the dial moved up and down. Mr. Atkinson gave his report.

"There definitely is some kind of a vibration wave that is hitting this building. Direction is straight north. Frequency is at 230 at the highest pitch. We will set up the unit in a car."

As the men left the building, the plant superintendent rushed up to Mr. Sandman.

"The chimney is swaying back and forth. Looks as though it is going to fall towards the south."

The group of men went to the other side of the plant where there was a large parking field. The chimney was swaying just like the beam had done. Suddenly half of it sheared off and fell into the parking field.

"If the men were parking their cars now," observed the plant superintendent, "We would have had a terrible tragedy. Smashed cars and many dead and injured men."

"We must find the origin of that source of vibrations," said Dr. Reid. "We will go by jeep. The bricks from the chimney should be removed at once."

The first jeep had the detector apparatus. Dr. Reid sat next to Mr. Atkinson.

"The frequency drops to 45 once we leave the building, but direction is still straight north. Let's head there."

The first fifteen miles, the jeep went along the new throughway that had been built by the state. Then onto a county road. The indicator began to show an increase. It hit 65, then 80. The men heard a noise and stopped at the entrance to a large tract of land. Inside was a drilling rig.

"Anything I can do for you?" asked a man.

Colonel Thomas King showed his credentials. There was a worried look on the face of the man.

"My name is Pete Seagle," he said. "We are drilling for oil. Took a lease on this property. Indications are that there is oil. We are now down about eight hundred feet. Anything wrong?"

"I don't know," replied Colonel Thomas King. "Dr. Reid can take over from here."

"There's a chance that somehow your drilling outfit is setting up vibrations that are almost wrecking a vital defence plant situated about twenty miles due south of here. There's a simple way to find out. Back to the plant goes our detector apparatus. With a two-way radio communication set up, we can find our answer within a few hours."

The jeep with the detector apparatus went back to the plant. An hour later everyhing was set up. At a signal, the drilling outfit started. At another signal it stopped. This went on for a dozen times. Then Dr. Reid gave his conclusion.

"It is definitely the drilling outfit. But how can you get those vibrations to travel twenty miles right into the plant? Offhand they must go underground. But how?"

An old man came over to join the crowd. He was introduced as Ben Jessups, an old farmer who owned the land. The situation was explained to him carefully. He scratched his head and then smiled.

"Back in 1910 there was a stretch of railroad track that passed here and just where the plant is now built. In 1911 we had a flood. The land level went up four feet when it was over. Tracks were covered and the railroad abandoned it. Will that help you?"

"That's the answer," shouted Dr. Reid. "Your drill is going up and down. Touching an end of the track that probably goes right under the plant. The track under the plant must conact some of the metal supporting beams."

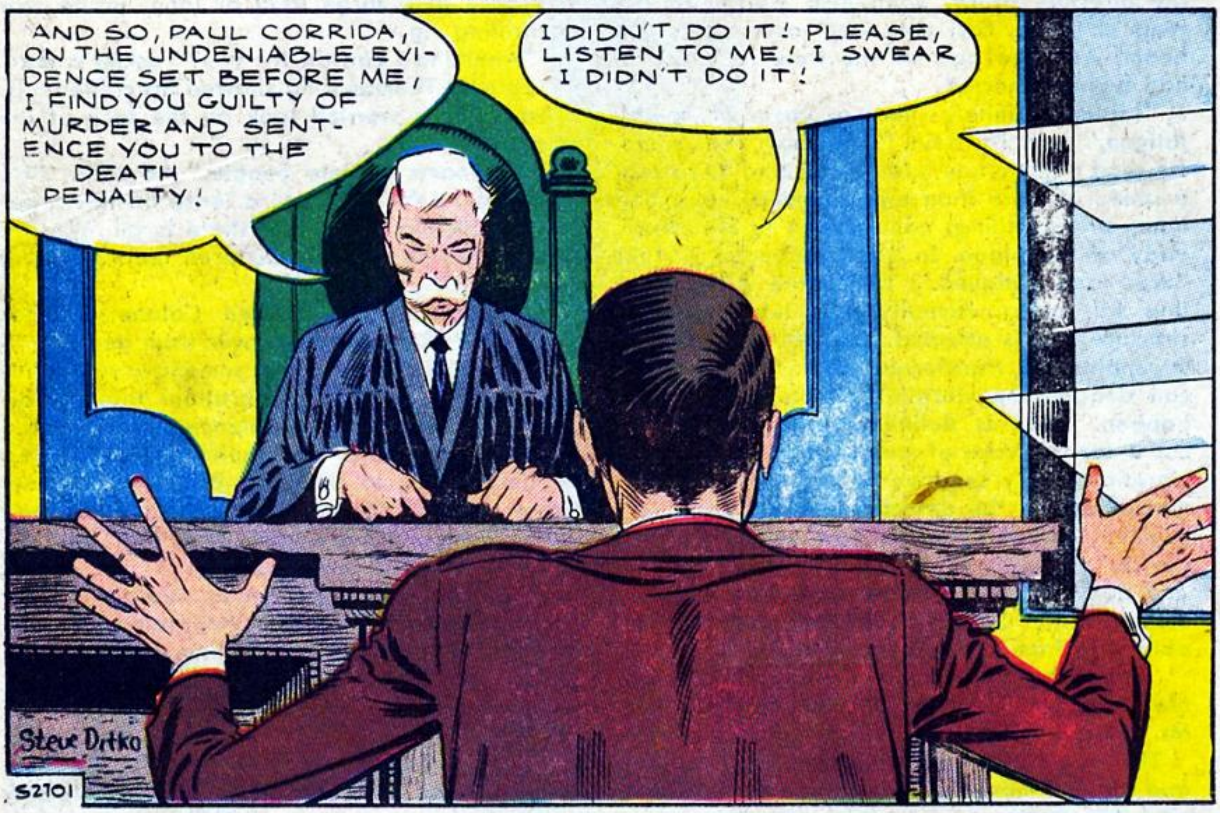
And so a strange situation was solved that might have had very disastrous effects.

— THE END —

OUT OF THIS WORLD

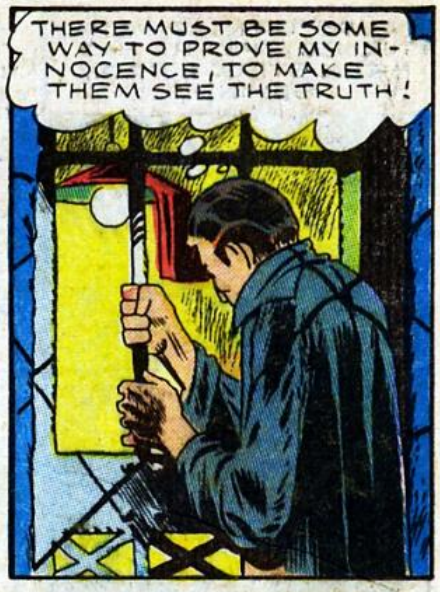
THROUGH the WALLS

THE STORY OF PAUL CORRIDA'S CRIME AND THE SUBSEQUENT EVENTS IS A CLASSIC IN THE TOWN OF TERRANO, BRAZIL! THE MYSTERY THAT SURROUNDED THE WHOLE AFFAIR ADDED TO IT'S INTEREST! WE BRING YOU THE STORY AS IT WAS TOLD TO US BY CORRIDA, THE MAN WHO WALKED THROUGH WALLS!

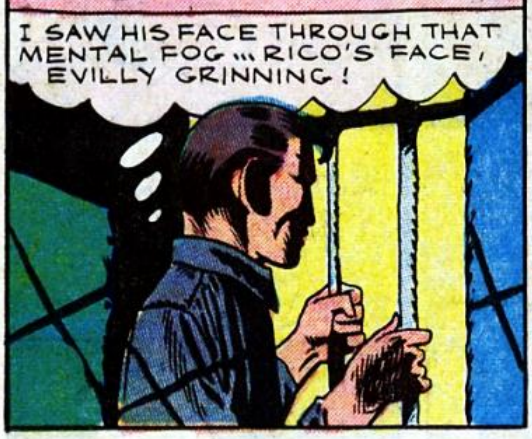


OUT OF THIS WORLD

SO THEY THREW PAUL CORRIDA IN A DANK, GREY CELL TO AWAIT THE DAY OF EXECUTION ...FOR A CRIME HE HAD NOT COMMITED!



LIKE A TRAPPED ANIMAL HE WALKED THE SHORT LENGTH OF THE CELL OVER AND OVER AGAIN, BUILDING TORMENT WITHIN HIS SOUL THAT SEARED LIKE FLAME!



OVER AND OVER AGAIN HIS MIND PICTURED THE EVENTS LEADING UP TO HIS ARREST AND SENTENCE, TRYING TO PICK SOME THREAD OF HOPE OF EVIDENCE FROM THE FACTS... THE TRUE FACTS WHICH HADN'T BEEN BELIEVED!

HE REMEMBERED HAVING DINNER WITH HIS COUSIN, OF THE SLY AND SECRETIVE REMARKS DOMINIC HAD MADE...

THEY HAD GONE TO DOMINIC'S ROOM IN THE HOTEL...

OUT OF THIS WORLD

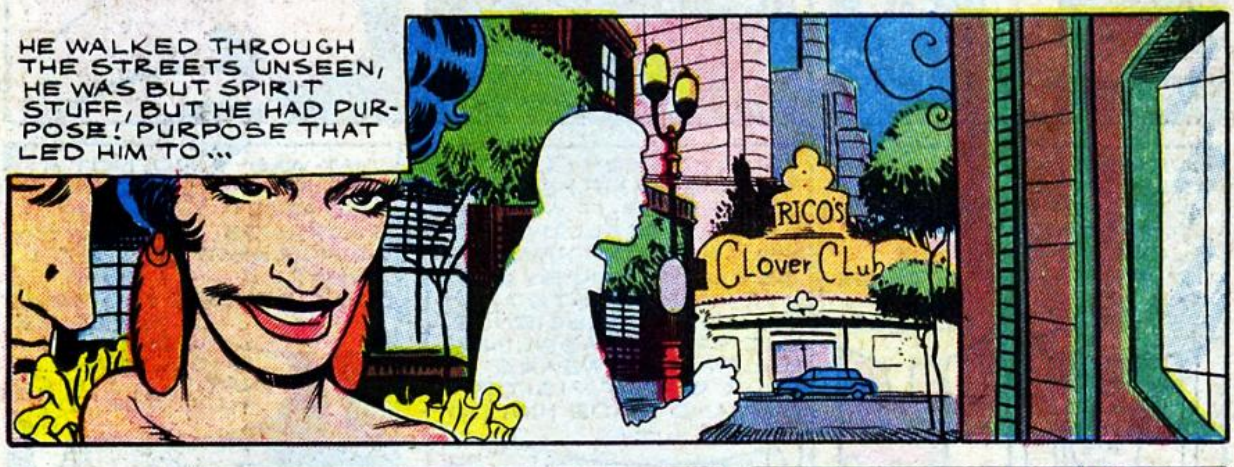
OUT OF THIS WORLD

A DREAM, HE THOUGHT IN HIS SUBCONSCIOUSNESS ...THE DREAM SEQUENCE OF HIS GREAT NEED TO BE ABLE TO LEAVE HIS EARTHBOUND SHELL..

TO HAVE BEING FOR JUST A LITTLE WHILE AS A WRAITH, A BODILESS SELF THAT COULD WALK OUT OF THIS CELL THROUGH THE WALLS AND SEEK THE GUILTY!

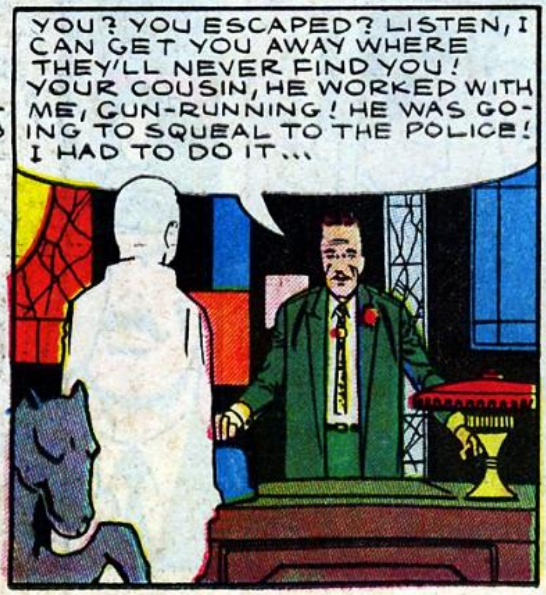
AND THEN... HE HAD WALKED THROUGH THE WALLS, LEAVING BEHIND THE BODY ON THE COT, AN EMPTY SHELL!

HE WALKED THROUGH THE STREETS UNSEEN, HE WAS BUT SPIRIT STUFF, BUT HE HAD PURPOSE! PURPOSE THAT LED HIM TO...



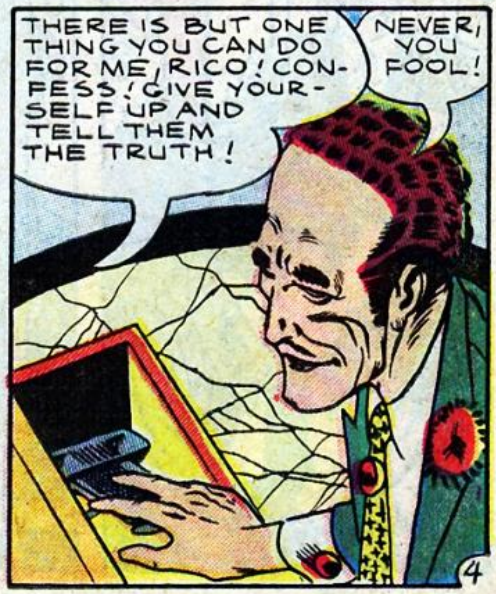
YET UNSEEN HE WALKED THROUGH THE CROWDED CLUB ...UP THE STAIRS TO MANUEL RICO'S PRIVATE OFFICE! HE WONDERED WOULD RICO SEE HIM OR, LIKE THE OTHERS, HAVE NO KNOWLEDGE OF HIS COMING?

YOU? YOU ESCAPED? LISTEN, I CAN GET YOU AWAY WHERE THEY'LL NEVER FIND YOU! YOUR COUSIN, HE WORKED WITH ME, GUN-RUNNING! HE WAS GOING TO SQUEAL TO THE POLICE! I HAD TO DO IT...



THERE IS BUT ONE THING YOU CAN DO FOR ME, RICO! CONFESS! GIVE YOURSELF UP AND TELL THEM THE TRUTH!

NEVER, YOU FOOL!

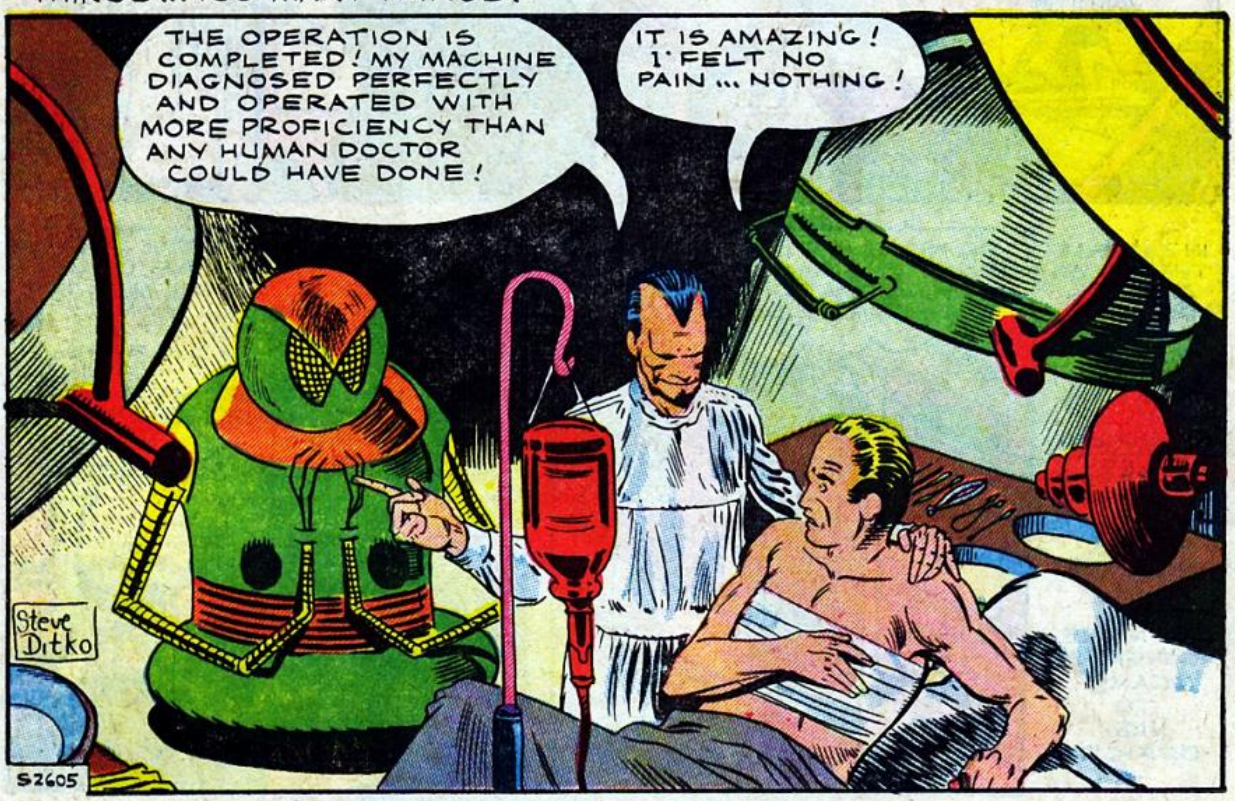


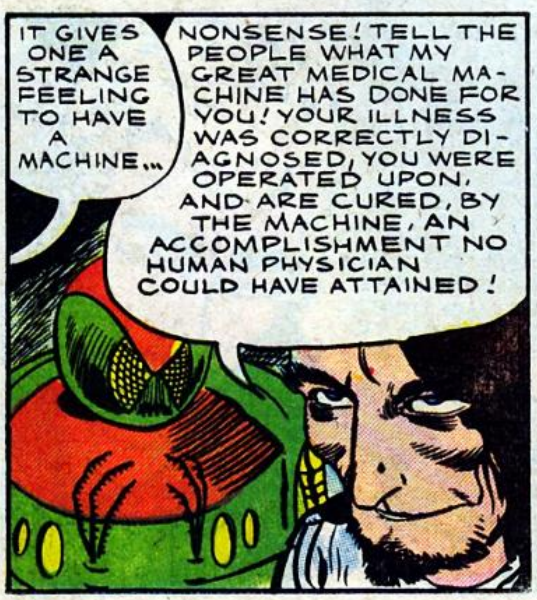
OUT OF THIS WORLD

OUT OF THIS WORLD

CURE-ALL

TO THE LITTLE TOWN OF ZEYDAM IN NORTH HOLLAND THE FAMOUS DR. VAN POEL CAME! HE BUILT A SHINING WHITE CLINIC ON A HILL AND IN IT HE HOUSED A STRANGE MACHINE, A MEDICAL MACHINE WHICH HE HAD SPENT A LIFETIME IN BUILDING, A MACHINE THAT COULD DIAGNOSE AND CURE EVERY ILL OF MAN, COULD OPERATE WITH A SKILL NO HUMAN HANDS COULD ATTAIN! YES, THIS MARVELOUS MACHINE COULD DO MANY THINGS ... TOO MANY THINGS!

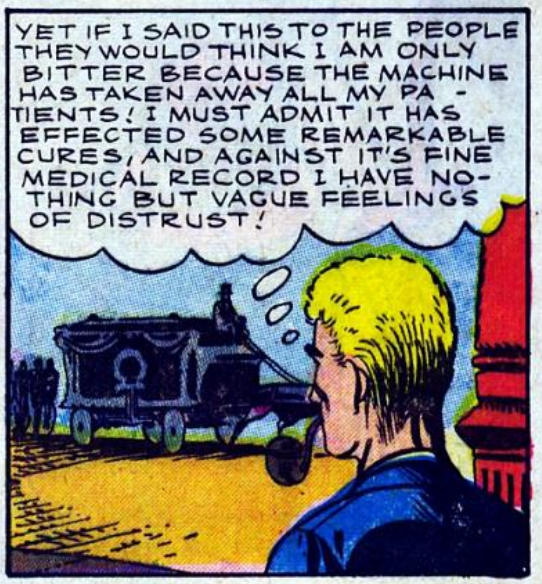




DR. VAN POEL HIMSELF WENT AMONGST THE PEOPLE OF ZEYDAM AND AD-DRESSED THEM AT A TOWN MEET-ING, TELL-ING THEM OF THE WON-DERS OF HIS MAR-VELOUS MACHINE!

OUT OF THIS WORLD

IN ZEYDAM THERE WAS ANOTHER DOCTOR, YOUNG PIETER REMMENS, WHO WAS WELL LIKED BY THE PEOPLE! BUT SINCE THE CLINIC HAD BEEN BUILT ON THE HILL, NO MORE PATIENTS CAME TO HIS OFFICE!

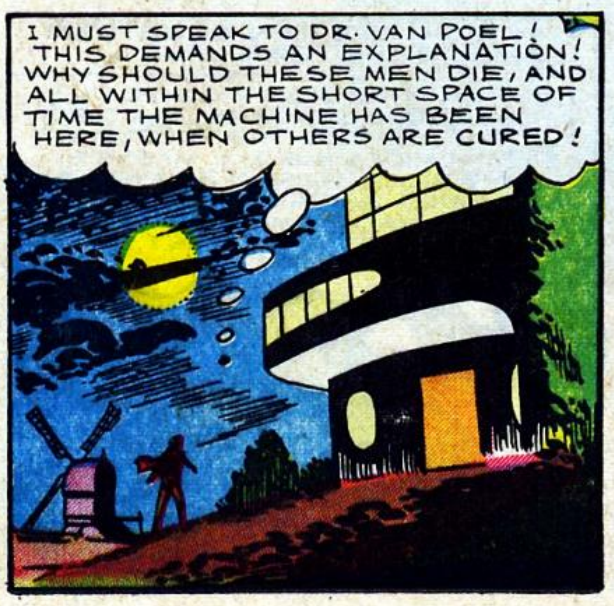


THIS FEELING I'VE HAD, ABOUT SOMETHING SINISTER IN CONNECTION WITH THE MEDICAL MACHINE, SO FAR HAS BEEN ONLY A FEELING, WITHOUT PROOF! BUT NOW I FEEL STIRRING IN MY MIND SOMETHING ELSE.... A HUNCH THAT PERHAPS CAN BRING ME SOME PROOF OF WHAT I'VE VAGUELY SUSPECTED!

LATE THAT NIGHT, IN THE DARK OF THE MOON, DR. PIETER STOLE QUIETLY TO THE TOWN CEMETARY!
HENDRIJK LOOTEN! A FINE MAN! DIED TWO WEEKS AGO!

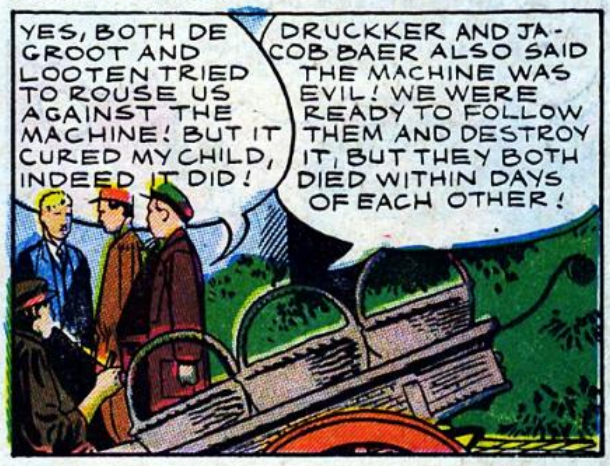
MAARTEN DRUCKKER, AN OUTSPOKEN MAN OF STRONG WILL! DIED A MONTH AGO! THE MACHINE HAS PERFORMED MANY REMARKABLE CURES, YET, THOUGH IT IS SUPPOSED TO BE INFALLIBLE, THESE MEN DIED SINCE IT CAME TO ZEYDAM!

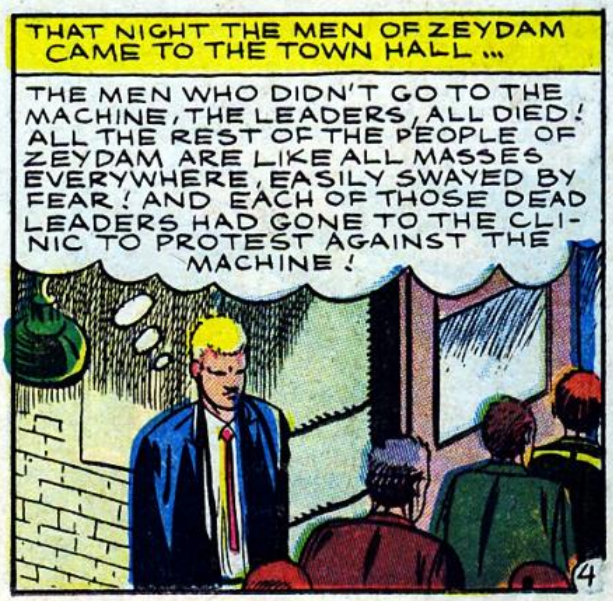
A PATTERN IS BEGINNING TO FORM! MY HUNCH IS BECOMING CERTAINTY! ALL THESE MEN, LOOTEN, REYDEN, DRUCKKER, JACOB BAER, VAN RIJN, DE GROOT, ALL HAVE DIED SINCE THE MACHINE CAME... AND ALL WERE THE INTELLIGENT MEN OF ZEYDAM! THE THINKERS, THE MEN OF STRONG WILL, THE REBELS!

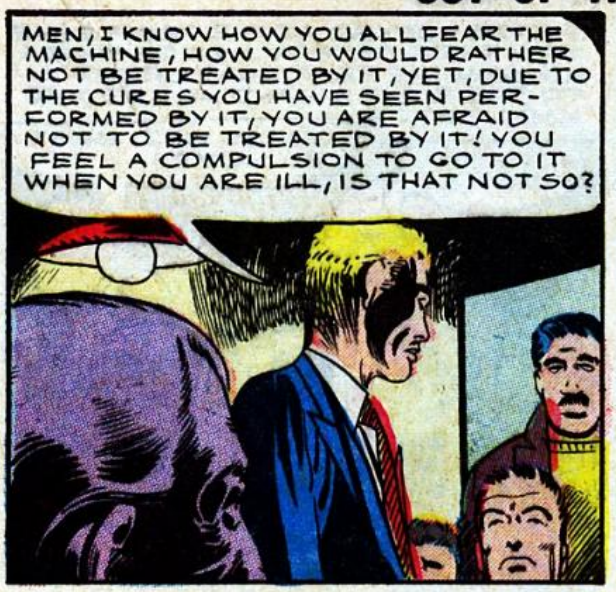

I MUST SPEAK TO DR. VAN POEL! THIS DEMANDS AN EXPLANATION! WHY SHOULD THESE MEN DIE, AND ALL WITHIN THE SHORT SPACE OF TIME THE MACHINE HAS BEEN HERE, WHEN OTHERS ARE CURED!

BUT DOCTOR, THIS IS NO TIME...
I REALIZE IT IS LATE, BUT I MUST SPEAK WITH YOU! IT'S IMPORTANT!

THE ANSWER WAS EVASIVE AND TOLD DR. PIETER NOTHING! THE NEXT DAY HE WENT QUIETLY AMONGST THE PEOPLE AND ASKED DISCREET QUESTIONS!






MEN, I KNOW HOW YOU ALL FEAR THE MACHINE, HOW YOU WOULD RATHER NOT BE TREATED BY IT, YET, DUE TO THE CURES YOU HAVE SEEN PERFORMED BY IT, YOU ARE AFRAID NOT TO BE TREATED BY IT! YOU FEEL A COMPULSION TO GO TO IT WHEN YOU ARE ILL, IS THAT NOT SO?

YES, THAT IS TRUE!
IT IS AS THOUGH WE ARE DRAWN TO IT, NOT THROUGH OUR OWN FREE WILL! OUR LEADERS TOLD US IT WAS EVIL! BUT NOW THEY'RE GONE!

NOT ALL GONE! I STILL LIVE! AND I SHALL LEAD YOU! MEN, FOLLOW ME TO THE CLINIC! I KNOW THIS MACHINE IS EVIL! DEEP IN MY HEART AND SOUL I CAN FEEL IT'S EVILNESS! FOLLOW ME AND WE WILL DESTROY IT BEFORE IT DESTROYS US AS IT HAS IN SOME SUBTLE, EVIL WAY DESTROYED THE FINEST MAN IN ZEYDAM!

HIS WORDS AROUSED, INFLAMED THEM! HERE WAS ONE TO LEAD THEM AGAINST THIS THING THEY FEARED BUT HAD LOST THE COURAGE AND WILL TO DESTROY!
DOWN WITH THE MACHINE!

DR. VAN POEL, WE HAVE COME TO DESTROY YOUR MONSTROUS MACHINE! STAND ASIDE...
WAIT! YOU MUST FIRST HEAR ME!

YOU ARE FOOLS! HE IS TURNING YOU AGAINST THE MACHINE FOR HIS OWN PURPOSES, SO THAT HE CAN REGAIN THE PATIENTS HE LOST TO THE MACHINE! IF YOU DESTROY THE MACHINE YOU DESTROY YOURSELVES! THERE ARE MANY NEW MUTANT VIRUSES WHICH HUMAN DOCTORS CAN'T EVEN RECOGNIZE AND ONLY THE MACHINE CAN CURE! THINK OF THE CURES IT HAS GIVEN YOU ALREADY...
WHAT ABOUT DE-GROOT, DRUCKKER, VAN RIJN AND THE OTHER FINE MEN WHO DIED?
5

OUT OF THIS WORLD

AND THEN THE HAIRS ON THE BACK OF DR. PIETER'S NECK PRICKLED IN HORROR AS THE VOICE CAME... THE VOICE COLD AND SOULLESS EVIL IN ITS INHUMANNESS, THE VOICE OF THE MACHINE!

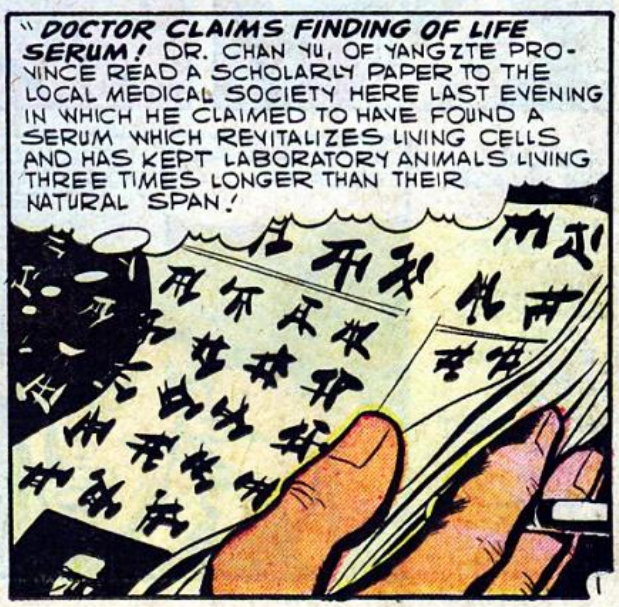
HE SAW DR. VAN POEL'S EYES, DULLED BY HYPNOTIC INFLUENCE, AND PANIC AND ABYSMAL FEAR ENGULFED HIM LIKE A WAVE, PUSHING HIM TOWARD FLIGHT, AWAY... AWAY... FROM THE TERRIBLE MACHINE...

AND THEN HE STOPPED... AND THERE IN THE DARKNESS HE KNEW THE TRUTH, AND WITH THE TRUTH CAME COURAGE AGAIN!

OUT OF THIS WORLD

LIFETIME

TANG LEE WAS A FREELANCE REPORTER IN SHANGHAI, A SLY, SNEAKING FELLOW MAKING HIS WAY BY HIS WITS INSTEAD OF ABILITY! HE WAS ALWAYS LOOKING FOR THE BIG BREAK, THE BREAK THAT WOULD BRING HIM A FORTUNE WITHOUT WORKING FOR IT, THAT WOULD BRING HIM POWER TO CRUSH THOSE HE DISLIKED, WHICH TO LEE WAS ALMOST EVERY-ONE HE CAME IN CONTACT WITH...



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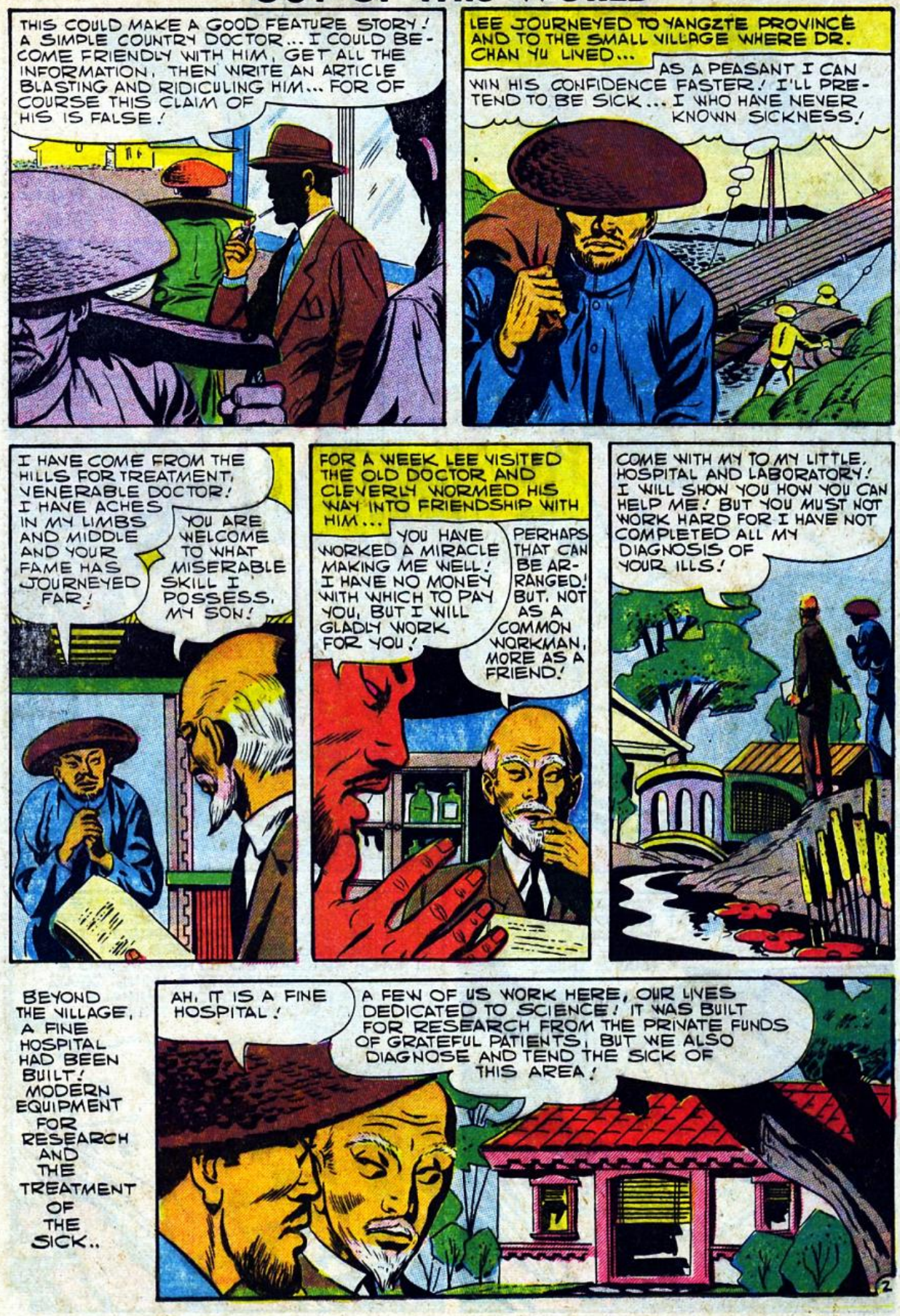

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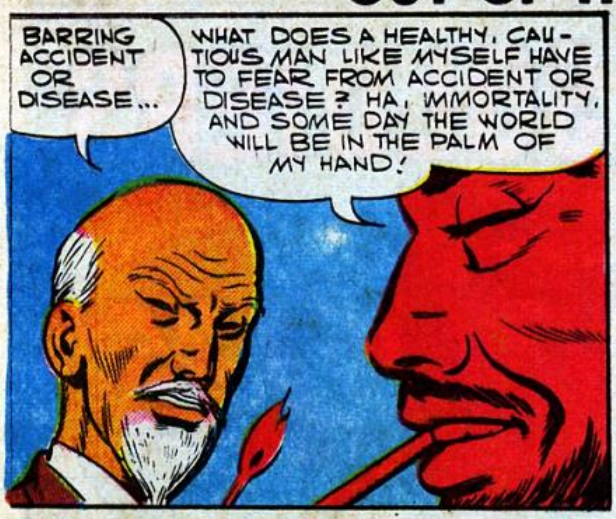
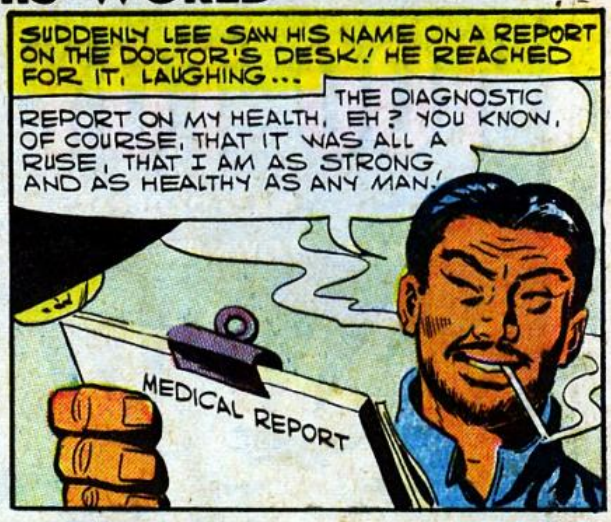
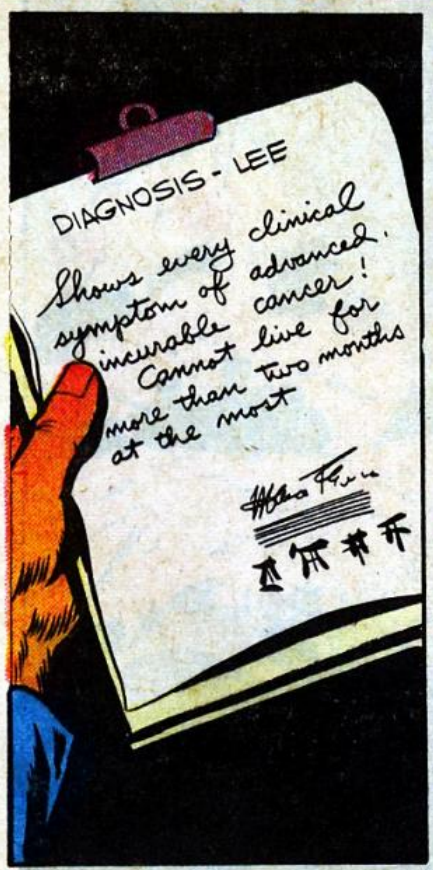
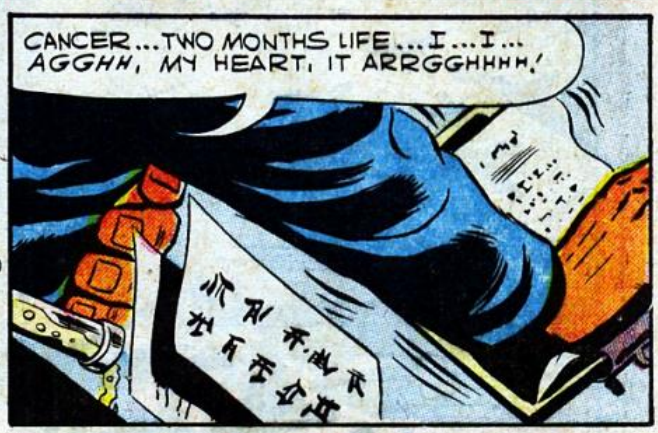
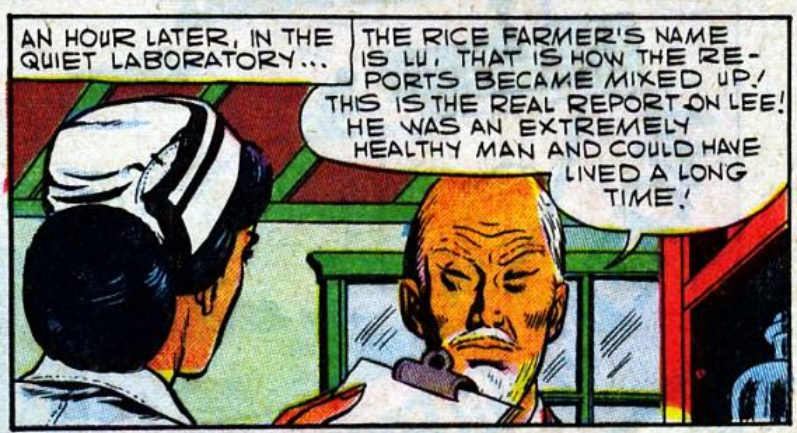






THE WORDS LANCED THROUGH HIM LIKE A KNIFE... A KNIFE THAT REACHED HIS HEART WITH SHOCK...





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Professor Paul Thompson was wiping the beads of perspiration from his forehead. He was a big stout man and evidently didn't like the tropical weather of the Belgium Congo. He was seated in a comfortable chair. His host was General Raoul DesMones who had asked that the famous scientist come at once to Stanleyville.

"If you could do something about the weather out here," smiled the famous scientist," then perhaps I might be able to do something about your problem. We could call it a fair exchange."

"It is such an innocent looking plant," sighed the General. "And also very attractive with its bluish color. Who would ever think of all the danger presented by the hyacinth?"

Professor Paul Thompson replaced the handkerchief into his back pocket. He had decided to meet the inevitable. If the weather wanted to ignore him then he would ignore the weather.

"One of my ways to relax is to stretch out on a comfortable couch," he began. "I like a big jug of cool lemonade next to me. Then I spend an hour or two reading science fiction. Take the plot of the gigantic flower or bug. It is a good standard idea in any of its variations. Somehow a little flower or a bug gets a dose of some chemical. Or let us say the rays of an atomic explosion. Then the flower or bug goes on a growing spree. Net result is something that is terrifying and threatening to overrun this planet."

"I too have read stories like that," interrupted the General. "But only in the land of fiction. Jacques Duval is my favorite science fiction writer. I like his strange stories about the unusual. But when you are finished with a book — you return to the land of reality. Unfortunately our problem is not an idea in the mind of a science fiction writer. We can actually be overrun and destroyed by the hyacinth. What are we going to do?"

"Originally the hyacinth, or Eichornia crassipes was a native of Brazil," explained the professor. Now it has spread throughout the world, especially below and above the equator. You will find it in South America, the southern part of the United States, Australia, China, Japan, Thailand, Vietnam, India, Ceylon, South Africa — and now right here in the Belgium Congo.

Technically it is known as a vegetative reproducer. That means that a fragment of the stem often is enough to start complete new colonies of the plant in almost any warm and wet region of the world. So in real life we have the same problem we find in the fiction of the science writer. The hyacinth actually can overrun certain areas of this world. Should it be able to withstand other types of climates then it might wipe us out. Suppose I go with you tomorrow on a steamer for a short trip on the Congo River. I want to check just what you are getting."

The rest of the day the professor spent in unpacking his trunks and valises. A staff of scientists had come with him but at present they were being quartered in the government house. In the morning he met his young assistant, Dr. John Harper at the wharf. The two sat on the back of an old time paddle steamer that had seen better days in other parts of the world.

"No one knows just how the plant came here to the Congo," Dr. John Harper told his superior. "Some think it may have escaped from the botanical garden at Kisantu near the mouth of the river. Others suggest it may have got into the stream from ornamental ponds cultivated in the upper reaches by colonists. The natives claim that it is a curse sent by an evil spirit. The flower will overrun the land and kill everybody."

"It no longer is important how it got here," pointed out General Raoul DesMones. "Our problem is how to get rid of it."

The steamer started its slow journey along the Congo River. Soon they saw grabs and dredgers that were being employed to scoop out the hyacinth. The plant was placed on the river bank to dry. Then when dried, they were gathered into large piles and burned. Captain Marcel Loumage came over to join the men.

That is my brain child of how to fight the menace of the hyacinth," he explained. "I was proud of it for the first three weeks. Only one trouble with it. As quickly as it is removed by mechanical means, it grows all over again."

At noon they all ate a light lunch. Then they

watched men with flame throwers on the banks of the Congo. A man would send a searing flame at a cluster of hyacinths. They would burn.

"That seems to be getting results," suggested Dr. John Harper.

The general shook his head sadly and it was in the negative.

"You see my idea. I tried to adapt the war flame thrower. The flame does destroy the upper part of the hyacinth. Yet it will come as a surprise when I tell you that the extremely high temperature is insufficient to kill the underwater roots. They will grow again."

The boat stopped for half an hour. A group of twenty natives jumped overboard. Three armed soldiers watched carefully to spot any hippopatamus that might decide to go for a native. The natives worked for an hour removing the hyacinth that had cluttered up the paddle wheel and also the rudder. Then they all came back onto the boat.

"The propellor driven boats also have their problem with this cursed growth," said Captain Marcel Loumage. "And the plants cover the river buoys. We have to work entirely by charts."

For the next two days the boat went slowly along the Congo. Then it pulled up to a wharf. The village of the Da'Gombie Natives was at the river edge. The chief came to greet General Raoul DesMones and also to present a complaint.

"The evil spirits have sent that beautiful flower to destroy us. We live by catching fish but we can no longer put our nets into the water. Help us."

The party disembarked and they were present at a feast. A gigantic elephant that had grown all out of proportion was put through several dance steps. The Professor watched the animal carefully.

"I have an idea," he smiled. "It might work. We can set up our experimental area right here. I will need a lot of spraying outfits and natives to go out in their boats to help us. Also about three helicopters if you can supply them."

The native chief was more than willing to cooperate. That night, his men held the famous Dou-anga Dance to chase away the evil spirits that had sent the cursed flowers to the Congo. For the next three days the professor worked almost around the clock.

"The men are ready with the spraying outfits," informed Dr. John Harper. "But actually what is the chemical you are going to use?"

"If you can say it in one breath, then it is dichlorophenoxyacetic acid," smiled the professor. "One of the most effective herbicides used in the experimental station back home. We will have to stay here for about two weeks to check results. And also to order more of the material to be shipped at once if the results are satisfactory."

Three helicopters arrived from Stanleyville. They were equipped with spraying apparatus. Then the plan went into operation. Since the natives couldn't pronounce the name of the spray, they were given the formula to repeat: 2, 4-D. They went out in their boats and sprayed the banks and the water with formula. For a week they all worked and then went out to check results.

Along the banks of the river there was a complete absence of the hyacinth. Towards the north they found no results. The hyacinth was again growing in large numbers. Towards the south they found something that frightened the natives. The hyacinth was gigantic but soon withered.

At the end of the second week they were wiping out the hyacinth. It would take months more to reach every area of the Congo. And the eternal vigilance would be needed to prevent a repetition of the cluttering up of areas by the flower.

General was highly satisfied but a bit curious. He wanted to know something so he went to the professor.

"The natives claim you got the idea from watching the elephant. I think you better tell them to forget this nonsense. What really gave you the clue on how to destroy the hyacinth?"

The professor laughed for a few minutes. He was enjoying his own joke. Then he replied.

"The natives are correct. No nonsense but absolute scientic data from watching that elephant. The life span of the elephant is limited. Why? Because that creature has grown all out of proportion and will be unable to supply the body with the necessary chemical nutrients for existence. Given a certain proportion of 2, 4-D, the same result can be obtained with plant life. That was what I used in the area towards the south. Accelerated the growth of the hyacinth beyond the point at which it could continue to supply its needed nutrients. So they became gigantic first, and then died. What about the area towards the north? I used a high concentration. This poisoned the leaves only but left the lower parts of the plant unimpaired. That is why they were able to reproduce again. But along the river banks we were most successful. Seems a lower concentration made the plant literally curl up and die."

"But suppose the hyacinth should develop a resistance to 2, 4-D?" questioned the General.

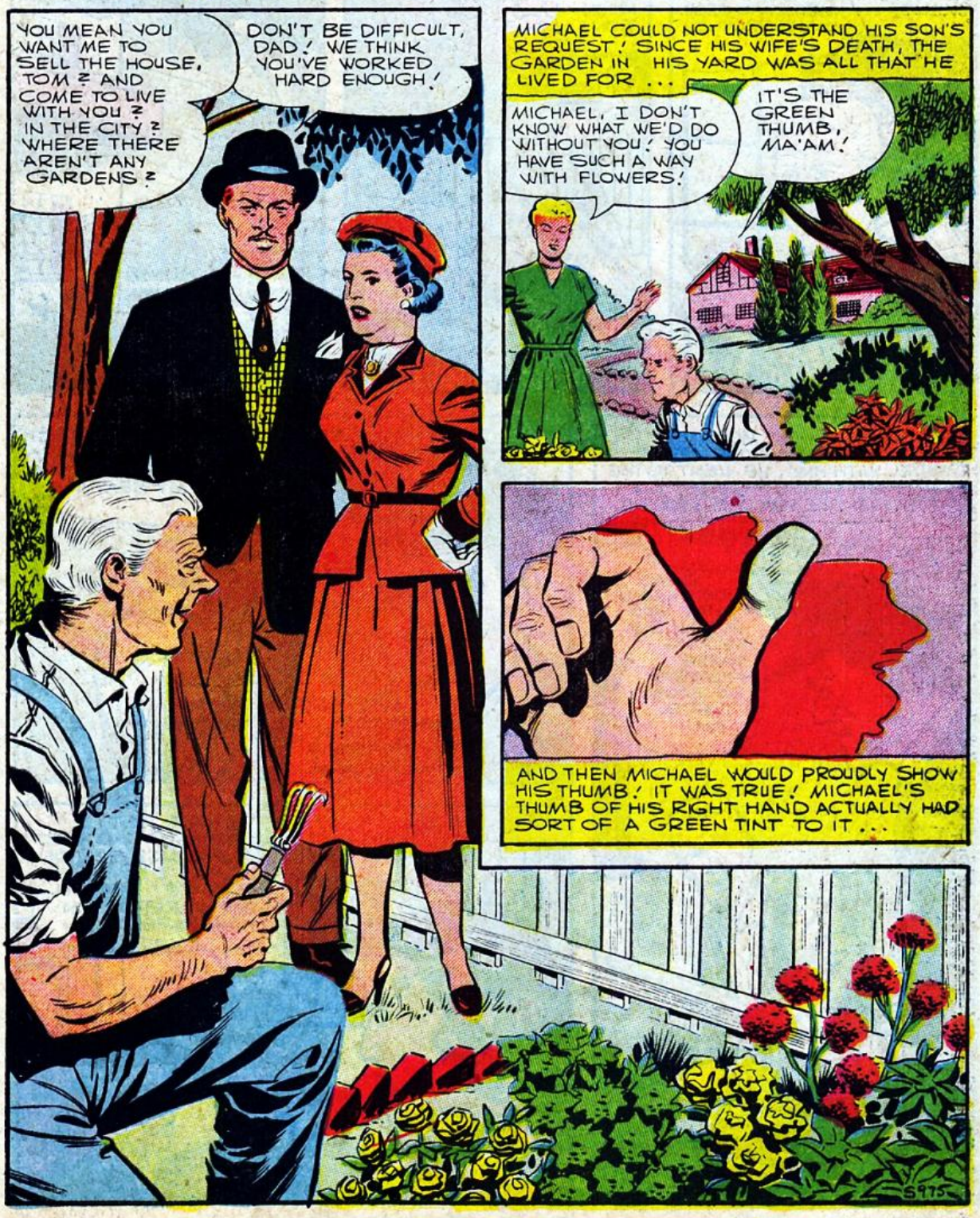
"Then maybe you will have your science fiction in horror," replied the professor. "But I think we will then figure out a new chemical — maybe!"

— THE END —

OUT OF THIS WORLD

WITH OLD MICHAEL BROTHEN IT WAS MORE THAN A FIGURE OF SPEECH! OLD MICHAEL REALLY DID HAVE ....

The GREEN THUMB



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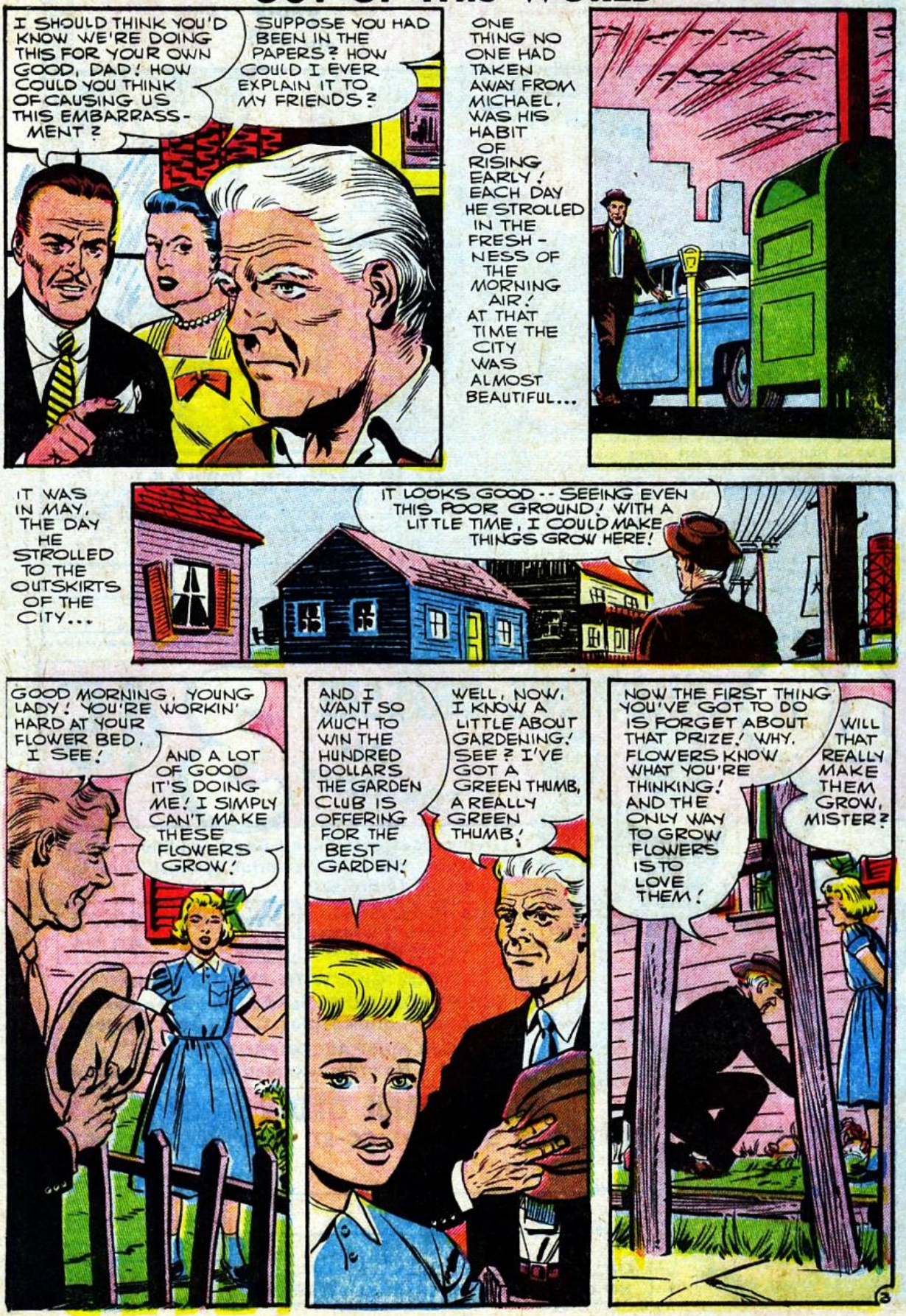

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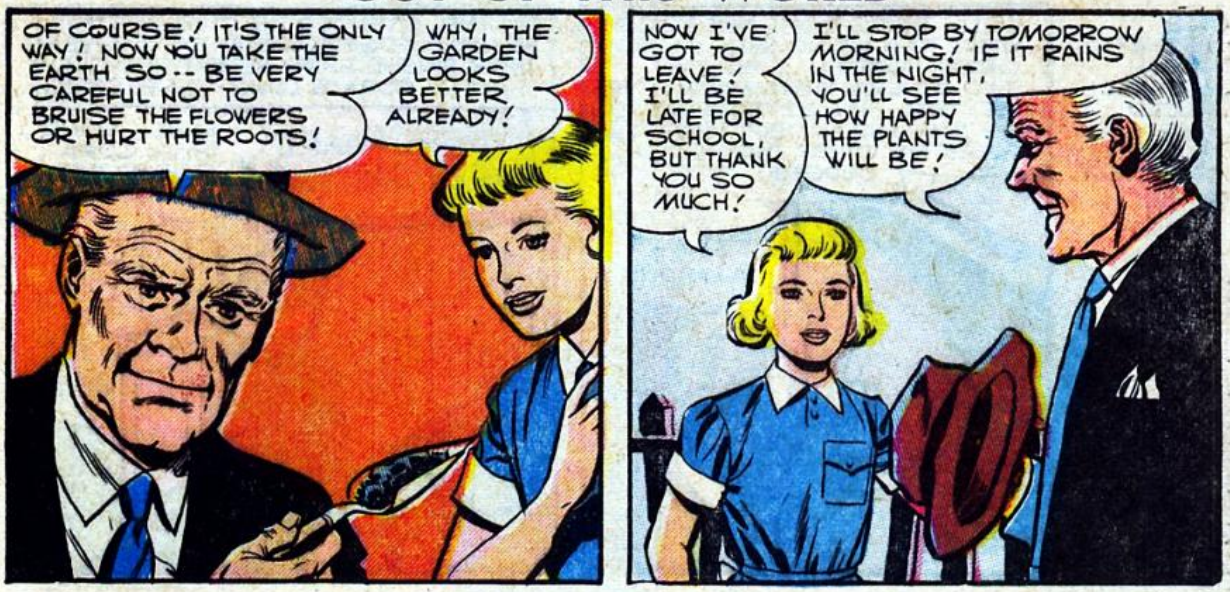
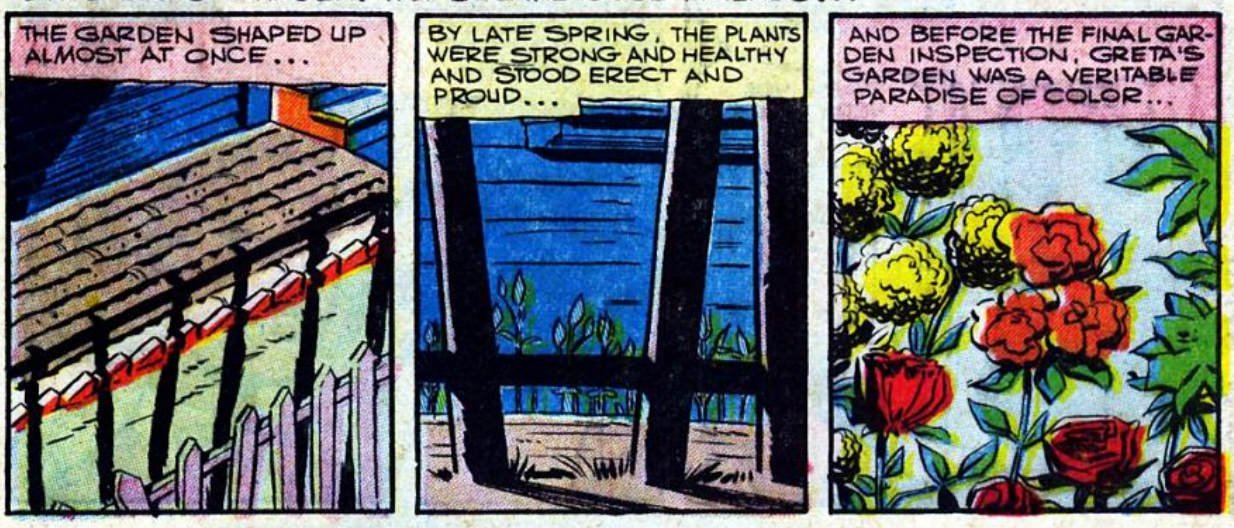
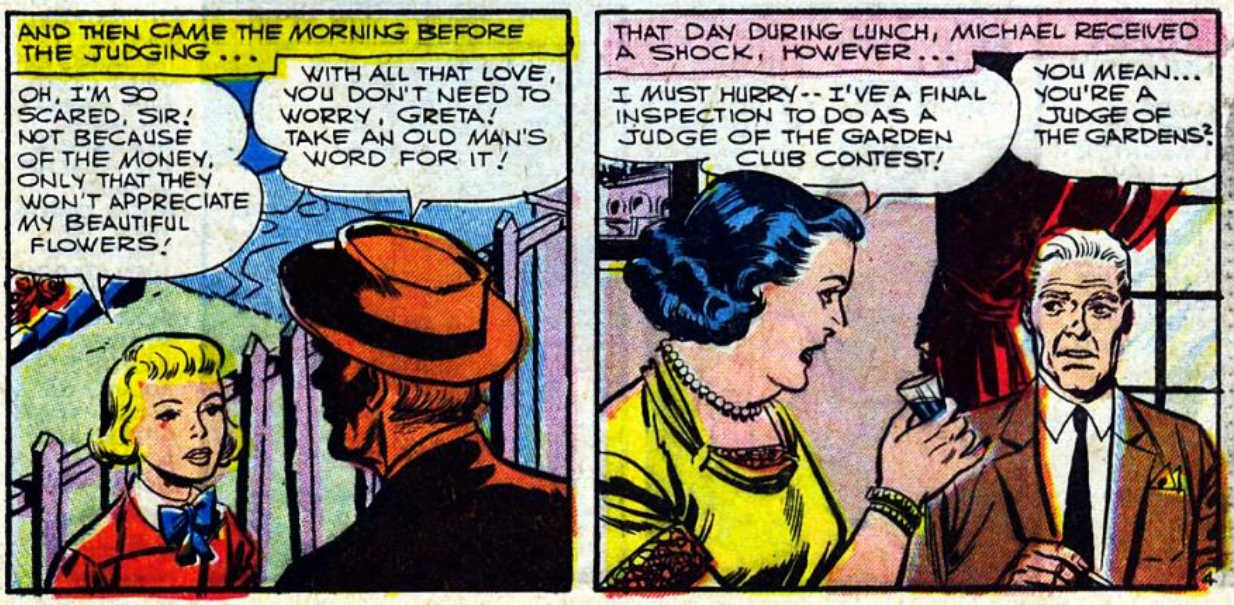


AND SO, ALL THROUGH THE SPRING AND EARLY SUMMER MICHAEL TRUDGED OUT TO THE LITTLE GIRL'S GARDEN! THEY BECAME GOOD FRIENDS...





OUT OF THIS WORLD

THE AFTERNOON MICHAEL PACED THE FLOOR NERVOUSLY! AND THEN WHEN CORA CAME HOME LATER THAT DAY...

MICHAEL GLANCED NERVOUSLY AT CORA -- BUT HIS DAUGHTER-IN-LAW SEEMED TO MAKE NO CONNECTION WHATEVER BETWEEN GRETA'S MAN-WITH-THE-GREEN-THUMB AND HIM! THEN...

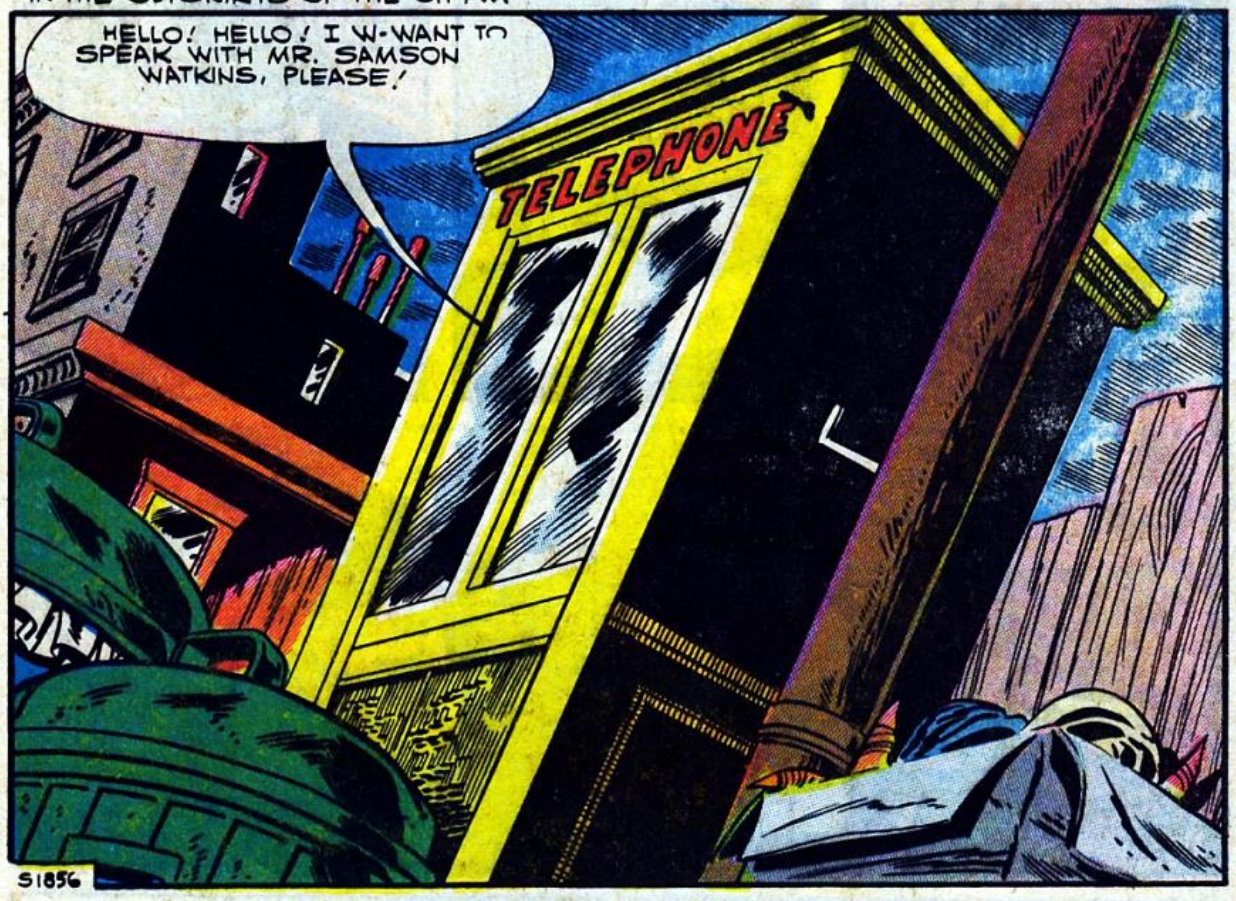
BUT MICHAEL WAS NOT THINKING OF WHAT CORA WAS SAYING! HE WAS PLANNING ON HOW HE WOULD SHOW GRETA HOW TO PREPARE HER GARDEN IN THE FALL FOR THE WINTER MONTHS! IT WOULD BE A GOOD YEAR AFTER ALL! A VERY GOOD YEAR!

END

OUT OF THIS WORLD

TOO MANY HAVE TRIED

"I'VE READ THIS ONCE BEFORE," YOU'LL SAY TO YOURSELF WHEN YOU START THIS TALE! BUT STAY WITH IT! YOU HAVE OUR UNCONDITIONAL GUARANTEE... THAT WHEN YOU COME TO THE END... YOU'LL SEE HOW WRONG YOU WERE! A VOICE THAT IS HOARSE WITH AGE AND QUAVERING WITH EXCITEMENT, RISES FROM A SHADOWY TELEPHONE BOOTH IN THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE CITY...



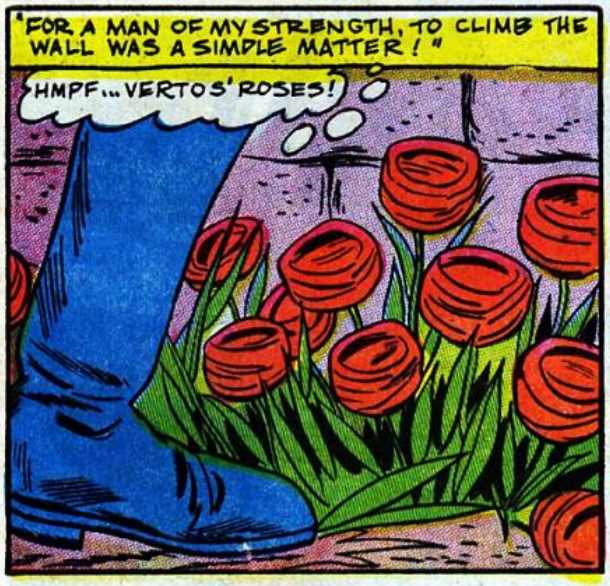
OUT OF THIS WORLD

OUT OF THIS WORLD

OUT OF THIS WORLD
THE MAN WHO WENT BACK

THE BLEAK LIPS OF IGOR MARLIN SPREAD IN A CRUEL SMILE .... AND THE WHOLE WORLD TREMBLES ON THE BRINK OF DISASTER AS HE SMILES...

OUT OF THIS WORLD



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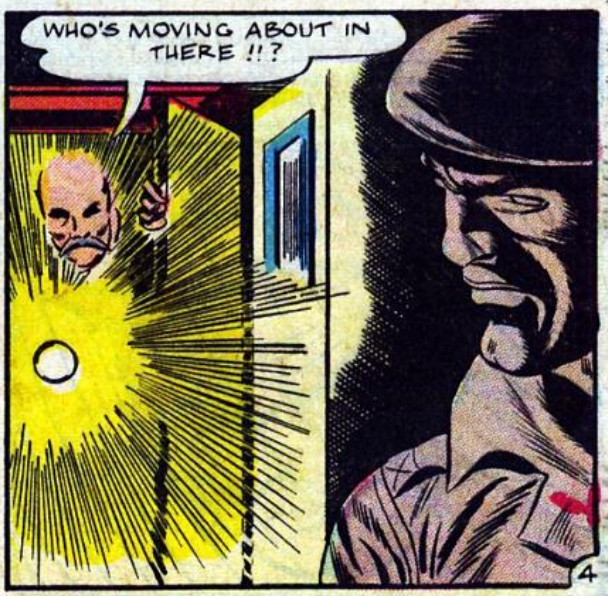

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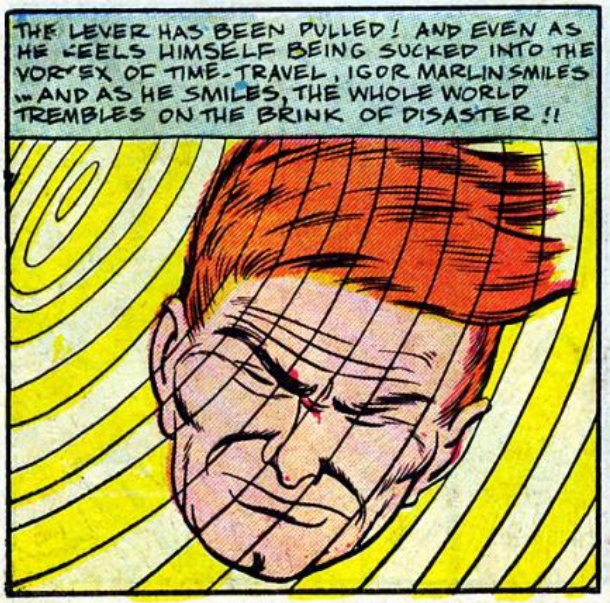

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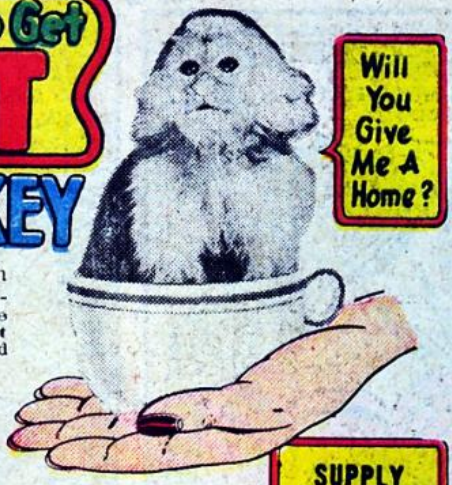

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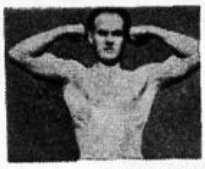

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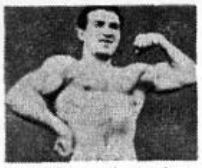

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